

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
RELIGION.

A POEM.

Addressed to YOUTH.

In FIVE BOOKS.

By ELIJAH FITCH, A.M.

Ineunte Aetate Semina Virtutis diffeminantur.

—Religions all. Descending from the Skies,
To wretched Man, the Goddess in her Left
Holds out this World; and in her Right the next.

YOUNG,

PROVIDENCE:

Printed by JOHN CARTER. M,DCC,LXXXIX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME apology seems due to the subscribers for and patrons of this Poem, on account of the publication having been delayed till this time. The long indisposition of the author, which terminated in his death, it is hoped will sufficiently apologize for the delay. Had his life been prolonged, and health permitted, his intention was to have made some alterations and corrections; but the work is now handed to the world in the manner he left it, pursuant to his request.

Mr. FITCH died at Hopkinton (Massachusetts) on the 16th of December last, in the 43d year of his age, and 17th of his ministry.—Where this truly amiable and exemplary man, —this faithful servant of his divine Master, was known, his character needs not the aid of panegyric—where he was not known, let the following couplet of Dryden suffice:

*“ His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
“ A living sermon of the truths he taught.”*

A FRIEND to the AUTHOR.

Providence, July, 1789.



To the Reverend
E Z R A S T I L E S,
D. D. L. L. D.

President of YALE COLLEGE, and Pro-
fessor of Ecclesiastical History,

This P O E M, with due Respect, is
humbly inscribed, by

The A U T H O R,
Hopkinton (Massachusetts) July 4, 1788.

ADVERTISEMENT of the Author.

T H E design of these *Essays* is to paint Religion in her native beauties. They are principally intended for youth, to give them just views of Religion, and to persuade them to love and practise it. The subject required me to study perspicuity and precision more than elegance, and truth more than poetical embellishment. I am sensible the Poem will not bear a critical examination; but hope the faults are not so numerous as to render the whole disgusting even to wise judges.

THE A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Religion preferred to all others. A search for it through the kingdoms of the world. Where found. Proved to be excellent from its origin and design. Shews how to obtain the happiness of the world. The folly of making this world our all, exemplified by the story of the fool in the gospel. God the only satisfying portion of the soul; made to be happy no where else but in God. Story of Avidus and Palmura. Alexander and Diogenes. The world's vanity. The world's goodness. Story of Amindon and Amelia. Directions how to make both worlds our own. Closes with an address to youth.



I H O O K

The BEAUTIES of RELIGION.

B O O K I.

LET others sing of heroes, and their feats;
Of earth-born beauties, and their matchless charms;
Whose glories brighten oft, by ignominious
And inglorious deeds:—far and wide to spread
Dire devastation o'er embattled realms;
To stain the earth with crimson, kingdoms shake,
Cities and empires turn to ruinous heaps;
Procure the wreath, and plume the conqueror's brow.

Religion be my theme; thy glory sing,
Thou bright effulgence of the Deity;
Offspring of God; from Heaven come down to earth,
To shew a world, in *darkness lost*, the way
To palaces of joy, in realms of light.

Shall earthly beauties share the praise of song?
Religion! Queen of Heaven, in brightness walks
The earth around, whose beauty's all divine,
Whose presence beautifies the brighten'd scenes
Of happiest times, and fills the world with joy;
Her beauty yet unsung! timid with awe
From dazzling glories! fearful and trembling
At the bold attempt, now first essay'd;
In praise of that fair Goddess born I sing;
Whose praise a Raphael might have sung, and fail'd
Fully to set her shining beauties forth.

Should Heaven's whole choir tune their melodious
To celebrate her praise in loftiest strains; [lyres,
Her shining glory still exceeds their song.

How then "shall mortal tongue presume to sing,"
And touch a theme so high, that angels fail!

Divine, effulgent, glory's beauteous form
In earthly strains to sing! *Oh vain attempt!*

How *far* below, such lofty strains to reach,
My highest notes must fall! Goddess divine,
As kind as fair, the *will* for deeds accepts:
My *willing mind* would soar *seraphic* heights;
Tho' *low* my flight, yet *glorious* the attempt.

O could the theme be touch'd by finer minds!
By some Miltonian genius, or like Young;
Or by Columbian bards, Barlow or Dwight;
Or Humphry's tuneful lays, politely fine:
Fly where I creep, and where I fall to soar,
With brighter flames, to play more sprightly beams;
Content *my spark* in darkness shall go out;
My muse *abortive* in oblivion sink!
Enamour'd with your lays, ye tuneful bards,
My soul took wing, and soar'd to reach those strains;
But to such flowing numbers, sense refin'd,
Harmonic sweetness, captivating charms,
My verse pretends not.—

If coarser strings I touch compar'd with yours,
Joining in symphony, still swells the song.
The deep sonorous *bass*, when to the fine,
The female treble join'd, with tenor soft,
And lofty counter, graces ev'ry muse.
Ambitious then Columbian harmony
Not either string should want, in concert grand;
Content to strike the *lowest*, and obtain
My highest wish, if so as not to jar.
And inclination pow'rful sweetly prompts,
Fair youth with serious song to captivate;
And make their bosoms glow with love divine;
And centre in the fairest of Heaven's fair.
To paint her beauteous form, I go in quest
Of her to guide my pencil; and to learn
Her heavenly charms from her sweet lips inspir'd:
But where is found this Goddess to inspire?

In Heav'n she reigns triumphant, fills her wide
Dominions with eternal joy; on earth
She has a mansion too; but who can tell
Where fix'd her shining seat? whose glorious fame
Has spread the earth around. Where'er the sun
On empires shines, Pagans and Christians,
Mahometans and Jews, her power confess,
Her aid implore, and in her smiles rejoice.
Tho' far remote her throne from empires great,
Her very *shadow* casts a pleasing joy;
What then her presence? bliss beyond compare;
Her fame is heard, her shadow's felt; but where's
Her presence? where shines with native lustre,
Unobscur'd by pomp imperial? where sits
In splendour, without borrow'd robes, this Queen
Of Beauties, dress'd in Heaven's attire? I roam
In quest; through cities, empires of the world.
Thro' Pagan states I wander, scarce perceive
The shadow of her form. If here she's found,
Her beauty's quite defac'd, in mangled form
Appears; her visage marr'd, gloomy and sad;
Her head reclin'd; eyes dropping with perpetual
Tears, o'er her votaries, milled and blind.
The fane superb admits the painted *stock*;
Beasts growl, and serpents hiss, at their *prostrate*
Adorers; from these I turn abhorrent.

Through Turkish lands I next explore her paths.
Mahometans her presence claim; adore
The Goddess; yet ignorant of her charms:
In gaudy dress she shines, and clad in arms,
Her majesty's support.—External pomp
Her beauty hides; her presence she withdraws,
When *outward splendour* soils her beauteous form.
Amidst the din of arms, *not long resides*;
Trumpets, which blow alarms, *not her delight*;
The thundering cannons drive her far remote;
Hence impious wretches round war's banners swarm.
Not garments roll'd in blood; *her emblem's peace*.

High o'er their heads she sits, with pity weeps;
 Whilst alcorans and sonnites fierce engage,
 Defend her majesty's renown to blood.
 Midst such abhorr'd destruction vain's my search;
 'Tis *life* and *glory* that Religion loves.

From hence to lands call'd Christian I proceed:
 In Christian lands her dwelling was of old;
 When love was law, they triumph'd in her smiles,
 Whose joys arose to transport in her blaze;
 When in her native robes she shone resplendent,
 And sat the chief in courts illustrious.
 When stript of Heaven's attire, her vest from earth;
 And made to cringe in service to the great;
 A tool to lust and power, and fell revenge;
 In courts, in churches, synods, found no more!
 Screen'd from our view by masks of *modes* and *forms*;
 Within the sacred fane appears in *black*;
 Blind devotees! unconscious of her charms!
 Hence discord fierce; blind superstition reigns;
 And fiery zeal her absence *loud* proclaim.
 Too delicate the whirlwind's furious blast
 To bear; the quaking earth and raging flames
 Confused noise she flies; a still, small voice,
 And *love's smooth element*, is her delight;
 Peace her attendant, light her steps surrounds,
 And zeal with love inwove, her mantle form;
 Truths clad with radiance, white as driven snow,
 Beam round the Goddess fair, and grace her form.
 Ah! where thro' Christendom is such perfection found?

Thro' Jewry next. Where once a temple rose,
 In honour to the Goddess, glorious bright,
 Superb of structure, wonder of the world;
 By Israel's wisest King, at God's command;
 This heav'nly Fair's peculiar seat: *her grace*
 With glory fill'd the house; when ardent prayer,
 Which opens Heaven, and courts her from the skies,
 To take her dwelling with the sons of men,
 By Israel's King was offer'd to his God;

(For then ev'n kings were not ashamed to pray)
 Her presence the chief glory of that fane,
 Whose outward form so bright, struck Sheba's queen
 With stupor.—Where now resides her glory?
 Ezekiel thou wilt tell; blest son of man!
 With visions of th' Almighty favour'd high.

“ This Queen of Beauties, and Heaven's fairest call'd,
 “ *The Glory of the Lord*, long sat between
 “ The cherubim on mercy's shining seat;
 “ Whilst offerings pure, acceptable and sweet,
 “ Smok'd on her altar; and still there had sat,
 “ But for the blackest deeds, which hate the light;
 “ And disrespect, and idle worship, bold
 “ Transgressors of her sacred laws despis'd;
 “ Her solemn rites profan'd, her counsels scorn'd;
 “ At length provok'd, in spirit griev'd, dropp'd tears
 “ Of pity o'er her sacrilegious sons;
 “ Prepar'd by slow degrees to take her flight,
 “ Her final flight, and leave the temple grand,
 “ Shining and beautiful, of *glory void*.
 “ First, to the threshold she remov'd her seat,
 “ To the eastern gate; then from the holy city
 “ To Olive's mount (from whence the Lord of life
 “ Chose to ascend) from thence to lands unknown.”

Here paus'd the Prophet—when with grief o'erwhelm'd
 Thus said, in vain's my search, Religion's fled!
 Forever fled! beyond a mortal's sight!
 Her throne in Heaven resum'd, and left the earth
 All solitary, sad, more dark than night!

Not so, the Prophet smiling said, *not so*;
 Still *her delights are with the sons of men*:
 In sanctuaries small now she resides,
 Far from the pomp and splendour of the world;
 In *hearts made new and pure is now her seat*:
 Confin'd to *time, nor place, to modes, nor sets*;
 Her shining throne erects in *ev'ry place*,
 In *ev'ry heart, where love and goodness dwell*.
 Empress of living temples now she reigns.

Hence this high title to the pure belongs,
Ye are the *temple of the Holy Ghost*.

He ceas'd: full to my view the heav'nly Fair
Display'd her shining form: with transport thus;
No more in foreign realms in quest I roam;
Triumphantly transported, rapt with joy,
At that superior form: O heav'nly Fair,
Whose flowing robe resurgent waves around,
Of snowy white; of aspect mild, serene.
With awe profound, and veneration struck;
Silent and motionless I stood enrapt;
Till smiling, thus the Goddess said: fear not
To ask, request; prompt to assist, direct,
And crown with glory the sincere of heart.

Embolden'd by her kind and soft address,
Thus to this fair Celestial I reply'd;
Thro' kingdoms, and thro' empires of the world,
In quest of pure Religion, have I rovd,
T' implore her aid, her *beauties* to make known
To sons of men; to learn from *whence she came*;
Her *kind design*; and *end to which she leads*:
Quick she replies, my aid's not sought in vain;
"For my delights are with the sons of men:"
Listen, make known the pleasing truths of Heaven:
I now unfold:—with heav'nly charms begins.

From uncreated splendours I descend;
Heaven's high Sovereign's glory to advance,
In the advancement of the bliss of man.
To publish purposes of grace, and bless
With an immortal life all human race,
Who give me kind reception in their hearts,
To shew how fallen men may rise and shine
In all the glories of Heaven's splendid realms:
How those deserving of eternal death,
May take fast hold on everlasting life;
How deepest stains of guilt in blackest souls
May be wash'd out, made clean and whiter far
Than new-fall'n snow, holy and pure like God,

Fit to inhabit climes where angels dwell,
 On spicy mountains in Jehovah's realms,
 And walk the crystal, golden streets of Heaven;
 That glorious city of th' eternal King,
 Whose pearly gates close-barr'd exclude the *babe*;
 Open spontaneous to the *pure in heart*.

She paus'd; transported thus my heart exclaim'd,
 O could I lead my pupils on to those
 Fair fields of sweet repast; delightful thought!
 Say, Goddess, say, by what fair steps we climb,
 The summit of Heaven's spicy mountains reach!

Her sparkling eyes beam'd light; then thus proceeds:
Celestial glories is my part to paint;
 The fading beauties of the world contrast;
 In equal scales to weigh, and both confer.
 Who use this world aright, secure the next.

The world! how charming in the eyes of *all*;
 Her charms *most charming*, when they're *least admir'd*;
 Then *least admir'd* when mounted on the wing,
 Rais'd by Religion's hand, unerring guide,
 To blissful climes above, the seat of Gods;
 The world, and all that's in it, then appears
 Stripp'd of her gloss (however great her charms)
 Empty and void of all substantial good;
 Little, and mean, and *full of shadows vain*;
 How *small* this world to those in *glory thron'd*!
 What *joys* are kingdoms in the eyes of Gods!
 And Gods to-morrow all the good shall be.

What are food, raiment, silver, gold, and pearls?
 What kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres of the world,
 To beings bord'ring on another state?
 Just on the wing to bid adieu to earth,
 And launch a never-ending voyage to worlds
 Unknown!—Amazing thought!

And thus it is with all the human race;
 On life's high pinnacle they tottering stand;
 One step may drop them, never more to rise!
 And not a day, hour, minute, but *seems* go;

And *all* must follow to the dark, damp vault;
 Soon shut your eyes on all things here below:
 Earth's gewgaws then how glittering in your view!
 While some can only please the eye to-day,
 To-morrow clos'd in darkness palpable;
 Others the fancy please, the taste, the ear,
 At most, but please the body doom'd to die:
 And when death clasps her in his clay-cold hands,
 And lays her down to sleep in beds of dust,
 It is the same, whether in pining want,
 Or cloath'd in purple and in linen fine,
 Most sumptuous faring each revolving day,
 And walk'd in state amidst a gazing throng,
 The admiration of a multitude.
 All earth bestows is fading, *like herself*;
 A transitory pleasure, like a dream;
 Imaginary-happiness is most she hath;
 And what she hath not, that she cannot give.
 The gorgeous tapestry of earthly joys,
 Hung round fantastic schemes of worldly men,
 When blown aside, shews nought but shades within.

The *glitter* of this world expos'd to view,
 The *weighty glories* of the next display'd,
 First rectifies that *capital mistake*,
 To look for happiness, *where never found*.
 Fatal mistake! for souls to dream of bliss,
 From things that grow upon this earthly ball;
 Where all's uncertain, but *the end of joys*.
 What profit, say, to gain a world to-day,
 And sit on golden thrones? to-morrow lost!

Now wisdom learn from the dire fate of one,
 Who in the midst of plenty laid him down,
 Dreaming of pleasures, *yet for years to come*,
 And undisturb'd to roll in affluence;
 Thus cheer'd his jocund soul, "Much goods hast thou
 " For many years laid up; take thou thine ease,
 " Eat, drink, be merry:" *thus he thought to be*.
 How happy he whose highest wish's obtain'd!

Whose heart transported views his golden store!
 Exulting in his plenty, thinks of mirth!
 And crowns his table with delicious fare!
 Amidst a circle of dependant friends,
 Who honour and applaud; while the full bowl
 Goes round, exciting loud and joyous mirth,
 Join'd with the melting harmony of song
 In midnight revels.—

When suddenly is heard, low murmur'ing
 Thro' the air, Heaven's voice, like distant thunder,
 Unknown, unfeard, unmov'd; till nearer come,
 Solemn and awful rolls the gloomy sound:
 The stately dome shakes on her base; nor less
 Their hearts now trembling, own the present God;
 Whose thund'ring voice articulate is heard,
 And chills their blood, tho' flush'd with wine. "Thou
 " Thy soul shall be requir'd of thee *this night*." [fool,

If cloath'd in darkness, on *the whirlwind's wings*,
 O'er midnight revels, thus the voice had spoke:
 Doter on pleasure, from thy stores of *wealth*
 This night devouring flames shall seize! behold!
 The lightning's blaze! behold the spiry flame,
 That lays in ruin all thy glittering stores!
 What consternation would o'erwhelm his mind!
 With what confus'd amazement had he stood,
 Gazing with horror on the burning flame!

But when the thund'ring voice demands his *soul*,
 What shudd'ring, tremblings, must the body feel!
 What direful anguish seize upon the mind!
 What throes! what throbs! what pangs, the parting
 What horrible convulsions conscience tear! [soul!
 What sad reflections on his folly make!
 Is this the end of all my ease and mirth!
 Shall years of promis'd bliss end in *one night*!
 Ah! worse than end! my joy be turn'd to pain,
 My mirth to bitter howlings, and mine ease
 Into a bed of flames! Oh horrible!
 Must soul and body part! asunder torn!

Parted from all things lov'd ! and go reluctant
Down ! Oh where !—a dreadful plunge !

Such the despair and agony of souls,
Whose treasure's *all below*, when bid depart,
Midst of their years, their pleasures and their hopes.

The world embrac'd, befools and them destroys :
Like Timoclea, who great fondness feign'd
For him of Thracia, promising much wealth ;
She leads him joyful to the fatal place,
The deep, dark vault ; then turn'd his faithless heels,
And sent the ravisher quick headlong down,
To search the bottom, never more to rise.

His end or worse, to all the sons of men,
Who this deceitful world *solely* affect ;
And never by Religion have their souls
Carried above this transitory world,
To seek for happiness in God alone.
For God will never own for *his*, the man
Whose soul lies grov'ling in the dust below ;
Too mean, too base, t' inhabit climes above ;
Lov'd earth will force him from her sweet embrace,
Turn up his heels, and sink him in despair.

But, plum'd with flames of love, the noble soul
Mounts as on eagles wings above the stars ;
And rests not till she finds herself in God ;
Possess'd of *Him*, her portion, and her hope,
Her life, her joy, her blessedness ; she cries,
“ Whom in the Heavens above have I, but thee ?
“ Beside thee nothing on the earth beneath ;
“ Be thou my God, my portion, and my *all*.
“ Henceforth ye lying vanities be gone,
“ Heaven is my home, immortal life my prize,
“ Glory I seek, and nothing short will have.”

The King of Glory owns illustrious minds ;
Who little things despise, the great pursue.
Their noble aims, their noble birth declare :

“ My sons and daughters these, yea kings and priests,

" Heirs to myself, joint heirs with Christ to all
" The shining glories of the heavenly world."

To what exalted views, exalted joys!
By kind Religion rais'd, the noble soul,
That's willing to be guided by her hand?
To pleasures pure, and to sublime delights,
Such as immortals only can possess;
Made holy, happy in the blessed God.
And souls of men were made for such employ;
Such great, such high, *exalted happiness*.
How low they stoop, who roll themselves in dust;
Mole-like, look not an inch above the earth;
Yet fancy happiness within their ken.
Contracted is the *soul*, that bows to earth;
For pleasure clasps both Indies in her arms,
Still wretched, poor and mean, with heaps of gold.

Examples strike, where words are apt to fail.
Once liv'd in Christian lands a man of wealth,
Avidus was his name, greedy of gold;
He hoarded all his treasure in a chest;
His soul was there, no higher could it soar.
Palmura was his wife, with soul akin,
And both in sordid indigency liv'd;
Scanty allowance made them pine amidst
A flood of wealth; no offspring to succeed:
Pleas'd with their coffers, never thought on death,
And all their time to heap up riches spent;
No time to serve the Lord or seek his face;
God's days, design'd t' enrich their souls, employ'd
In looking o'er their store, counting their worth.
Alone they liv'd, averse to all mankind;
Expensive deem'd a friendly intercourse;
Their covetous hearts impenetrably hard,
The poor found no admittance in their house.
Palmura sickens, and draws nigh to death;
Expence prevents all needful help, she dies.
Avidus left alone, consoles himself
That all is now his own, no one to share

In the possession of his golden store;
 Not long enjoy'd.—Death comes, and bids the miser
 Prepare to go where riches profit not.
 Amaz'd with fear, he hears the solemn call;
 But, oh! to part with what he holds so dear;
 To part with all his glitt'ring stores at once;
 The pang is worse than death: thus he bemoan'd
 "And is it come to this! must I depart,
 "And leave behind *all* that I lov'd so dear!
 "Oh, no! it cannot, shall not be;—my gold,
 "O pity! death have mercy—spare, O spare!
 "What shall I do?—one half to save my life—
 "And oh! when I am gone, who shall possess!
 "With what impatience wait for my last sigh
 "Those who expect to share!—O cutting thought!
 "And where to go, how dismal to behold!
 "What gloomy shades enwrap my frantic soul!
 "Despair without support seizes my breast!
 "Black horrors swarm! backward or forward turn,
 "How dreadful the survey! if backward look,
 "A life of irreligion damps all hope;
 "If forward turn, I shudder at the dark,
 "And tremble at the dread profound below!
 "But go I must!—O gold, farewell forever."
 With groans, and sighs, and sobs, he then expir'd.
 In such a glafs as this how shines the world?
 How empty, how delusive all her glare!
 How helpless and deceitful, *when most need!*
 Poor in abundance was this man of wealth;
 The poorer for his gold; more wretched far,
 Far more undone: and still severer pains
 Stung his distracted mind, and pierc'd his soul;
 A double death he feels; torn from his stores
 Of glitt'ring wealth, while soul and body part.
 Learn hence to disengage your hearts from earth,
 Provide such treasure as will never fail.
 Earth's treasures empty more than *fill* the soul:
 Mark this, ye staunch pursuers of the world,

Learn hence a lesson that will do you good:
 Minds full of earth, are full of emptiness:
 All worldly treasure, but makes poor the soul:
 The more is gain'd, the greater are her wants:
 Shall that be satisfaction, which enjoy'd
 Makes wants increase, and new desires arise?
 Desires abounding, wants less satisfy'd?
 In this just view (no other view is just)
 How dwindle earth and all created bliss!
 Who wants the least, the most resembles God.

Riches and honour, pleasure, the great things
 Which hold the world in sordid, eager chace,
 Are all alike in this; the more is gain'd,
 The more is yet behind: wants still urge on;
 The prospect widens as they climb the hill,
 Till airy schemes are rais'd Olympus high;
 The base sustaining all gives way, they start!
 Look round aghast! tremble on precipice!
 Exchange the heights of joy for depths of wo.

Behold the heart of man: first small his wants,
 Grow greater by increase of fame and wealth:
 On watry mirror look; behold the waves,
 In circles moved around, by stone immersed;
 But small at first, the little wave begins
 To swell, grows greater still, and still more large,
 It widens and increases, till it spreads
 O'er the whole surface of the waving pond.
 Just thus, man's heart on honour, riches bent;
 When first the anxious, warm pursuit begins,
 Little of each it seems would satisfy;
 This little gain'd, greater desires arise;
 Hopes higher run, with eagerness more warm,
 To gain if possible an higher prize:
 This higher prize obtain'd, 'tis still the same;
 In him desires unsatisfy'd remain,
 And still increase, and would so, till he grasp'd
 Not only towns and kingdoms, but the world;
 And even then, like Macedonian prince,
 Sit down and weep because no more appear'd.

When Alexander conquer'd all the world,
 Spur'd by a curious and uneasy mind;
 Diogenes, philosopher renown'd
 For his abstemious and penurious life,
 This cynic, famed for deep philosophy,
 Was anxious to behold; his house a tub,
 At pleasure moveable; in summer's heat,
 His shelter from the sun; in winter's cold,
 He turn'd and warm'd him with his gentle beams.
 The mighty conqueror approaches nigh,
 And thinks with joy to fill the cynic's soul;
 Ask what you please, and I'll at once bestow.
 Then please your majesty to move, says he,
 Admit the shining sun his wonted beams,
 Or, you deprive me of a bliss too great
 For the *whole world's commander to bestow*.
 Struck with astonishment at this reply,
 The monarch says, could Alexander change,
 Content to be Diogenes forever.

That happiness earth's loveliest things afford,
 Or her collected sweets embalm the mind,
 Is not so much the satisfaction gain'd,
 From full enjoyment of her sweetest bliss,
 As in the vain, tho' pleasing hope of joys
 To be obtain'd from things beyond our reach.
 The mind with prospects *distant is most pleas'd*,
 The good embraced *much less is always found*,
 Than was expected whilst in prospect shone.
 The glitt'ring prize at distance looks *most bright*,
 Earth's richest stores *not in fruition please*;
 The sweetest of her sweets *grows bitter soon*.
 Her joys shine brightest from the pleasing hopes
 Of good obtain'd from something *yet to come*;
 And will be *yet to come*, till they're *no more*.
 In pleasing scenes of joy lurk dangers oft;
 And in full speed for bliss, death's often found;
 Leander-like, men perish in the stream,
 In quest of objects loved, *not half obtain'd*.

All happiness from thoughts within proceeds :
 All glory's inward ; outward tinsel glare :
 All greatness is internal, the mind's the man :
 Religion gives possession of the soul ;
 And that possess'd is glory, riches, peace :
 Who's master of himself is great indeed,
 He rules a kingdom greater than the world,
 Keeps peace at home and breathes felicity,
 And rides in calmness far above all storms.
 Not heaps of gold can magnify the soul,
 Nor beds of down give rest to anxious minds.
 'Tis great, 'tis glorious, fulness to possess,
 Whose fulness is within is rich indeed,
 Can give t' himself, nor need to ask the great
 For favours to enrich, his noble mind
 Hath stores within itself, cannot admit
 Of diminution ; but richer still she grows,
 The more her satisfaction's from herself ;
 Her God bestows an inexhausted store.
 Who've peace within enjoy the smiles of Heav'n,
 Converse with God, familiar grow, partake
 The fulness of that fount which never dries,
 Whence greatness, glory, riches, all proceed.
 Empurpled robes, and diadems, and crowns,
 Gems, pearls and gold, may give to bodies charms
 That dazzle vulgar eyes ; but gold and pearls,
 Gems, crowns and diadems, and purpled robes,
 May deck a clown, a fool, or, what is worse,
 A man by vice enslaved, ignobler still
 The more by outside glare exposed to view.

Beyond the force of words, examples strike ;
 Not far for such example need you look,
 Within the circle of the fair soon found :
 The beautiful Amelia, young and gay,
 With all the charms the graces could impart
 Of polish'd manners and unbounded wealth,
 That *charm of charms* ! for beauty, fortuneless,
 May lie and rust unnoticed by the world :

The sparkling eyes, the ruby lips and cheeks
Which glow vermillion, separate from wealth,
Sparkle and bloom in vain, scarce gain a look.
But youth and beauty clad in splendid robes,
And placed in fortune's lap, attract the eye,
Inspire with *warm desires the hearts of all.*

With riches, beauty, youth, Amelia blest;
And ey'd with rapture by a gazing throng
Of crouded courtiers; many a gay gallant
Woo'd and protested love: the prize was great;
And, who obtain'd was sure to be *most blest.*
Capriciously inclined, in long suspense
She held the wooers bowing at her feet,
With now a *smile*, and then a *frowning look*;
Alternately their hearts would *rise and sink*,
Joy in their *eyes would dance* or *sadness brood*,
As seem'd the fair to *favour or reject*;
Deceitful tongues with ease play double part,
For tongues run fastest *then*, when least their weight.

Gallant Amindon gain'd the *golden prize*:
Amindon, favour'd *high* above the rest,
Looks gay and *proud*; his heart, as *light as down*,
Danced brisk with joy, from double bliss obtain'd;
The *fair Amelia* and her *wealth his own.*
The rest dejected, hang their heads, depart.

Amindon happy! happy he alone!
In full possession of the charming fair,
And all her glitt'ring stores his treasure now.
In dress, in equipage, in sumptuous fare,
None could exceed: thus happy was the pair,
For full *three months*:—

When stars malign their baleful influence shed,
Religion is a guard against such stars;
She ask'd admittance there, but was deny'd.

As gay Amindon t' all the fair was kind,
Some favours on Lucinda he bestow'd,
And praised her beauty in Amelia's ear;
Her soul was now on flame, she vows revenge,

And sets her head, her heart and *tongue*, to work,
 And all to pain Amindon to the heart;
 Her purpose she effects, and hatred reigns
 In both their souls, in clashing fury oft
 Their tongues engage, and raise their passions high;
 Riches assist each other to perplex:
 The storm subsides to gather greater strength,
 Daily renew'd and with redoubled rage;
 And thus their lives they spent.—How charming then!
 How sweet! how lovely the most loved on earth!
 Would India's wealth, would all the charms on earth,
 Afford equivalent for such a life?
 If *wealth* and *beauty* give not peace, what can?

Thus often taught *most sensibly* are men,
 And made to *feel*, that all things here are vain,
 Unsatisfying, futile, empty, light;
 And yet from various disappointments great,
 From disappointments, *chiefly from success*,
 They turn in eager quest of objects *new*;
 Unwilling to believe the world is vain;
 Will not believe it, tho' *so often felt*.
 With gordian knot the heart of man is ty'd
 To earth; which few are able to unloose;
 Or with an Alexander's art dissolve
 The twisted knot, by cutting it in two.

Men of the world to Socrates compare;
 The world herself to Xantippe his wife;
 Married together in eternal jarr:
 With noise and bustle turn'd him out of doors,
 Where saline storms the thunder's roar succeeds:
 Who hold the world as bosom-friend, will find
 Their fav'rite turn Xantippe in the end:
 When from her loved embrace she thrusts them forth,
 Beneath inclement skies, where darkness broods,
 And storms sulphureous on their heads descend.

Here paused the Goddess: when with grief o'erwhelm'd
 And fault'ring voice, these questions soft I moved:
 Is *this* Religion, to despise the world,

And set at *nought* those things which God calls good?
 Is it Religion lightly to esteem
 Heaven's kindest bounties and his richest gifts?
 Quick she reply'd, with looks which spoke her mind;
 Impious thought! nor is it my design,
 To speak contemptibly of worldly good;
 Which the great Donor's liberal hand bestows
 On all his offspring:—hearts replete with joy
 On high should raise sweet hymns of gratitude,
 Ascend to Him, who bids his sun to rise,
 And shine with beams prolific and benign;
 His rain descends, the earth with life t' impregn:
 Her lap with flowers is strew'd; her bosom fill'd
 With delicacies sweet to all mankind.
 Forbids Religion to receive, enjoy?
 Not so; she bids you take at once *all good*:
 The earth was made for man, *not man for earth*;
 This world is her's as well as that to come;
 To all her friends she gives the good of both;
 Teaches to gain and use the world aright;
 T' extract *all good* from her most Hyblean bliss;
 As bees extract *all sweets* from op'ning flowers;
 How with a little each may have enough;
 And *all* enjoy e'en when possess'd of *none*.
 A riddle this to all who never learnt
 That noble lesson, *fit for kings to learn*,
 In ev'ry state of life to be content.
 What pleasure more than this is found on earth,
 If gain'd, possess'd, enjoy'd *the whole at once*?
 The whole's *too poor* to give it *of itself*.
 That man *alone* hath *all* who is *content*
With what he has;—Religion leads to this:
 For where she reigns supreme, *there's joyous life*:
 From human hearts *she takes out anxious cares*,
 Makes things terrestrial bestow *that good*,
 Which they're design'd to give; *they cannot more*:
 Each with his part *content*, enjoys the *whole*;
 Nay more in others welfare, as his own,

Joying; partakes the happiness of *all*:
 Thus sacred truth declares, "*all things are your's*,"
 And 'tis Religion *only* makes them so;
 She gives a title to the Good Supreme;
 Fountain of life and bliss, in Heaven and earth;
 Possessing *Him* are all things else possess'd:
 From the *full* fount *all streams* are but a *part*.

Weigh streams and fountains in an equal scale:
 False weights, false balances, make all things false:
 And false conceptions ruin all mankind.

But fixing too *high price* on earthly joys,
 Destroy's her comforts, bitters her delights:
 Let earth in human hearts weigh more than Heaven,
 A sinking weight she hangs upon the soul:
 While nothing glitters in her eyes but gold;
 No wings can mount her higher than the clod.
 Impossible to rise to Heaven's high realms,
 With earth *above your heads*; she'll intercept;
 Her weighty load will crush to depths profound.

The proper place for earth's beneath your feet:
 'Twas made for man *to walk upon to Heaven*.
 How excellent the world when us'd aright!
 Makes life the prelude to eternal joys.
 Make earth your *all*, she's nothing but a cheat,
 Promising pleasure, but conferring pain.
 Where's nothing certain but defeated schemes,
 And happiness expiring ere 'tis found.
 When *least esteem'd*, her good is *best enjoy'd*.

Of miseries num'rous as Pandora's box,
 This world is full: who lives therein is sure
 His part to share; but *most*, men of the world;
 Whose pleasure's *all below*; wrapt up in earth
 The *box of mischief*, evil's *all their own*.

Again the Goddess paus'd: musing a while
 I stood with pensive heart: my plaint then pour'd.
 O fairest, kindest, best! how vain is man!
 Shall man in darkness walk, nor see the light!

Bewilder'd in a maze, *shadows pursue!*
This world prefer to Heaven, and lose them both?

She mild reply'd: who listen to my voice,
 Pursue the path I mark, let reason reign,
 Peace shall attend their steps, and joy their end
 Shall crown. In aid to reason am I come:
 Reason, not sense, is man's peculiar guide;
 The senses oft deceive, 'tis sacred reason
 Finds out the truth of things. Stars to our view
 Seem like to spangles in the sky; like tapers
 Glitt'ring in the dark. The moon how small!
 A little ball of fire the sun himself!
 This world *much greater* than sun, moon and stars,
 To reason well illumin'd the reverse;
 Enormous the dimensions of the spheres.
 Where *sense* no other world than this beholds,
 All-penetrating reason clearly sees,
 Within the vast expanse of firmament,
 Myriads of systems, worlds in worlds enclosed,
 Revolving in their spheres, round other suns.
 What hence is learnt?
 Objects, when great the distance, sense can't reach;
 'Tis faith and reason look beyond the grave:
 To sense *this world is all*, to reason *all's the next*.
 A mote in sense's eye may hide the sun,
 The moon and stars, Heaven's glorious host: a mote
 In reason's eye hides God and Christ and Heaven,
 And all the glories of that world of light.

Let reason reign forever; clear her sight,
 Obscur'd by mist's dark gloom, by senses rais'd;
 Then look with reason's eye on earth, on Heaven;
 Compare them; weigh in equal scales; then judge,
 And give to both their due, and *both are your's*.

Reason's bright light's the glory of the man;
 It is Religion makes *that glory* shine.
 Virtue apart, *that light to darkness turns*.

Religion, virtue always near akin,
 To reason shining with her brightest beams.

Reason is older sister to fair virtue;
 These sisters kind alternately embrace,
 Support each other, singly cannot live.
 Reason, from piety apart, is folly;
 Makes *reasonables* but the *greater fools*,
 As capable of greater misery;
 That *greater misery* to make *their own*.

Reason is double folly, when apart
 From true Religion; in herself confides;
 She helps to choose the way to endless death,
 And turn forever from the path of life.
 As either with Religion join'd or not,
 She's our best friend or greatest enemy;
 Makes wise to life, or fools to more than death.
 But without reason piety can't live;
 Reason to Religion gives existence;
 Conjoin'd, with brightest beams they point to man
 The way thro' darkness, to the realms of light.

Eye reason and Religion as your guides;
 Whose kind and joint design is man's chief good;
 To hold a light to follow nature's paths;
 The soul illumine, lead her on to bliss.

Reason and conscience nature's brightest lights;
 Religion bids you follow; makes to shine,
 With brighter beams, to shew where danger lurks;
 To give directions; point to safety's paths;
 Ne'er deviate from her rules, they'll push you back
 From harm; and lead you on to noble deeds,
 Such as will shine with brightest lustre, when
 The sun and moon and stars shall *all* expire.

True excellence consists in rising high;
 The soul's great beauty then appears most bright;
 To mount above the skies her chief delight;
 Her glory is to shine with starry rays,
Forever shine, and not to *roll in dust*.

Believe truth's oracles, and hold the world,
 As shortly it must be, *nothing to you*:
 To look for *more*, on this *terraqueous globe*,

Is seeking that which never can be found,
 None ever yet obtain'd the good he sought;
 Ask Cæsars, Alexanders of the world.—
 None ever miss'd *it* in Religion's ways:
 Wings she will give to mount above the stars,
 Teach you to fly o'er earth and seas to Heaven,
 Convey you safely through death's dreary vale,
 To seats ambrosial in the climes of bliss.

Let highest wisdom guide your souls *to life*;
 When bid to launch a never-ending voyage,
 You may without reluctance *all* resign
 To Him, who gave you all things to possess:
With joy resign; exult in future hopes
 Of joys eternal in perpetual light;
 Be gently wafted o'er the gulph of death;
 Be safely landed on the shores of life,
 And live with God above, in love, in light,
 In joys ineffable, *of glory full*.

She ceased. Her charming words, deeply impress'd,
 Thrill'd thro' my ravish'd heart, enwrapt with joy:
 A while I paused; then thus fair youth address'd.

Gay flowery youth, ye buds of being, soft,
 Tender and delicate, just sprung to life,
 And thrown on this inclement shore, boisterous
 With storms and gelid blasts, which threaten death
 To ev'ry virtue rising in your breasts;
 In this your bloom of life there's need of care,
 To keep th' expanding buds from nipping frosts,
 And lay you open to the genial warmth
 Of day: then listen to my youthful song;
 Religion's pleasing voice hear and obey;
 She'll lead you on to bask in the full blaze
 Of the meridian sun, *sun of the soul*;
 Where ev'ry virtuous purpose may expand;
 Luxuriant branches shoot; *bear fruit for God*,
 And ripen for the skies; then soar to Heaven,
 Plants of renown in Paradise of God,
 Where pleasure's placid streams thro' golden meads,

Enamel'd o'er with flowers of Paradise,
 Glide gently thro' her aromatic groves,
 Of loftier growth and richer fragrance far
 Than on Arabia's spicy mounts 'ere stood.
 Elysian fields with flowers eternal bloom.
 Who mount on wings of love, and soar on high,
 Tread under foot the glitt'ring dust of earth,
 And her false pleasures learn to change for true,
 Shall taste those blooming joys which never fade.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

SEE now the man of wond'rous birth,
 Born from above, but dwells on earth,
 Whose heart Religion fills:
 By wisdom guided in his way,
 On wings of faith he mounts to-day
 Towards everlasting hills.

Lord of himself, his noble mind,
 From fetters free and unconfined,
 A flight sublime maintains;
 But little his concern to know
 What's done by mortals here below,
 Who drag about their chains.

Pleased with himself and satisfied,
 While streams of pleasure gently glide
 From fountain head on high;
 Possesses all beneath the sun,
 And smiles to see how mortals run
 To catch those things which fly.

Pleased with the present, he enjoys
 Himself at ease, nor wants those toys
 Which little minds call great;

Crowns, riches, honours and such things,
Which please the vulgar, yea and kings,
He treads beneath his feet.

In love with that fair Goddess bright,
Who sits enthroned in realms of light,
No meaner flame can burn:
'Tis she that leads to Jesus' arms,
And gives possession of his charms;
Christ and Religion's one.

Love this fair Goddess; and serene
She'll make you pass thro' life's dark scene,
And gild your passing days:
Grace your last moments with her light,
Then waft your souls to regions bright,
To join angelic lays.

The BEAUTIES of RELIGION.

B O O K II.

*Religion the sole voucher, man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself:
E'en in this night of frailty, change and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a God.*

YOUNG.

THE ARGUMENT.

A rural scene. The appearance of Religion. The creation of all things by one Supreme Being; hence universal obedience inferred. The disobedience and fall of man, and some of the angels. God's great goodness to man in providing a Saviour; hence the highest praise, the warmest love, and greatest gratitude, are due to him. The cause why Religion is despised. Religion and happiness inseparably connected. What great things it offers to us freely. False notions of Religion. The real effects of it peace, joy, &c. subdues passions; removes the dread of death; destroys his sting; and makes eternity glorious. A view of the new Jerusalem. Narcissus and Lucinda, their happy life. Concludes with the folly of those who despise Religion, and a serious address.



The BEAUTIES of RELIGION.

B O O K II.

SEQUESTER'D from the world, beneath a shade
Of bending myrtles form'd a cool retreat,
And kind protection from the scorching sun:
A murm'ring rill ran gently thro' a mead,
All green and flow'ry, pleasing to the view.
While o'er my head the songsters of the grove,
In nature's plumage gayly rob'd, sprightly
From spray to spray display'd their glossy plumes,
And fill'd the air with their mellifluous notes.
This pleasing scene disposed the mind to peace:
Lonely I walk'd in meditation deep;
With pleasure musing on the various works
Of God. What bright ideas strike the mind,
In aromatic bowers, by nature form'd?
Delicious balm of life! while musing thus,
Religion, heav'nly Fair! *who loves a calm,*
With her effulgent glory beam'd around;
Whose radiance added to the beauteous scene
Surprizing lustre. How blooms the blooming earth!
How shines *this world,* view'd by religious light!
On dismal, horrible and dark, light beams;
The fairer scenes of life, *an Eden shines.*

Her beauteous form appear'd divinely bright;
With deeper smiles indented her fair cheeks;
Vermilion's bloom, with blushing sardines mixt;
Her beauty form'd; more beauteous from reviews;
More kind, more pleasing looks, more soft her airs,
And more engaging all her charming charms.

Then to this fair Celestial I address'd:
O heav'nly Fair! reveal thy beauteous charms;

The cause of *bate* to thy fair form unfold ;
 Let truths divine shine bright in *reason's eye*,
 And captivate the hearts of all who hear.

The Goddess then resumed her glorious theme,
 Th' Almighty spake ; let Heav'n and earth be made ;
He spake, and it was done ; the Heav'ns and earth
 In all their shining glory stood complete.

Angels in Heaven and man on earth were plac'd,
 In essence differing, as in different domes ;
 In this alike, all rational, divine ;
 To contemplate the glorious works of God,
 And pay an homage due to the Supreme,
 To praise, to love, adore, and to obey,
 With highest ardour, gratitude and joy.

Angels, arch-angels, in the seats of bliss,
 (Strange their revolt !) 'gainst Heaven's high King re-
 By Lucifer, son of the morning, led ; [bell'd ;
 Now prince of darkness in the gloomy pit,
 The dismal regions of eternal wo.

And man high raised in earthly Paradise,
 And constituted lord of all below ;
 By Lucifer seduced, rebell'd and fell,
 From life and glory, low in shame and death ;
 And dash'd at once all future hope of bliss,
 And his whole race with him involved in wo.

From their *high seats*, in brightest realms, who fell,
 In chains of darkness, to the last great day
 Of final judgment, was reserved their doom.

But Heaven's Eternal, with a look of love,
 View'd man forlorn ; all wretched, all undone ;
 Inthrall'd by sin ; deep plunged in guilt and wo ;
 Resolved at once their misery to relieve.

And now behold (if rapture will permit)
 The love, the kindness, mercy of a God ;
 Heaven's pearly portals opening wide for all,
 Who choose to enter her abodes, and sit
 On glorious thrones. *How deep amazement strikes !*
 When ye behold an injured God in Heaven,

In pity clad, his bosom fill'd with love,
 And bowels yearning for the race of man,
 And mercy's arms extending wide t' embrace,
 And raise the guilty, trembling, dying soul
 From lowest depths of wo, to highest joys;
How deep amazement strikes! when ye behold,
 This kind and gracious purpose to effect,
 All Heaven combined, the glorious *Three in One*,
 With cherubim and seraphim on high,
 Moved by philanthropy, in motion *all*;
 Angels on wing, put on the lightning's speed,
 And God himself from Heaven appears in flesh;
 In death; and in the grave; captivity
 Captive to lead; by death to conquer death;
 To consecrate *by blood* a living way,
 For dying men to live an endless life:
 And not for friends but foes deserved his wrath,
 That rebels to his crown and dignity
 Might pardon, peace, *eternal life* obtain.
 For this, a God on earth was seen to bleed!
 In purple streams to pour his precious life!
 The Heavens were hung in blackness at the sight!
 The sun with darkness veil'd! the moon with blood!
 Convulsed *all nature*, as in pangs of death!
 Earth's centre trembled! rocks to pieces rent!
 When Heaven's Eternal bow'd his head and died!
 Enter'd the grave; then burst the bands of death;
 Arose triumphant; reinthron'd himself,
 At the right-hand of Majesty divine.

How deep amazement strikes! when ye behold
 This *Lord of glory*, on his *throne in Heaven*,
 Display the shining glories of those realms
 Of light; with sweetest voice inviting *all*
 To come, and take abode, and share with *him*
 In all the glories which burn round his throne.

To whom, with soul on wing, thus I reply'd:
 What rapturous joy should seize each conscious breast!
 With what extatic pleasure, heartfelt bliss,

Should our ears listen to the pleasing voice
 Of our enthron'd Redeemer, *bleeding God!*
 Calling aloud on me, on *all*, to come
 To him for pardon of the blackest crimes;
 And for a title to the realms of light:
 Whose heart exults not, at such news from Heav'n!
 Glad tidings of great joy to *all mankind*.

To which the Goddess fair, *with downcast looks*:
 Is there on earth the man, whose ears are deaf,
 Whose bosom burns not with a flame of love!
 Whose soul mounts not on wings of ardent praise!
 To *him* who spilt *his blood, men to redeem!*
 O Heav'ns! astonish'd stand, while ye behold
Men their Redeemer scorn! despise his love!
 Spurn mercy's bowels! trample blood of Heav'n!
 Ye principalities, dominions, thrones,
 Astonish'd stand! beholding worms of earth
 Deride, contemn; *more* disrespect to shew
 To him, whom all the heav'nly host adores!

She paused. I sighing said, O Goddess, shew
 Whence *this so base* ingratitude to Heav'n!
 Whence *this so obstinate* a bent to ruin!
 Attend the muse, while she the fatal cause
 Explores; she'll teach you wisdom if unwise.
 Struck with attention, thus the Fair proceeds.

Religion is despised, because *unknown*;
 The *more* 'tis known, the *more* its worth appears;
 Her charms are not observed by *careless eyes*.
 With fixed attention, view her graceful form;
 Search deep her *depthless treasures* and immense,
 Look *narrowly* into her *ways* and *ends*,
 At every *step new glories* will beam forth,
 And *rising beauties* will unfold to view.

This said, in graceful attitude she stood;
 Then moved majestic, with an easy grace,
 Waving her lily hand, with circling glide,
 Display'd her glowing charms of rosy hues,
 Divinely beauteous: a lucid glory, like

The bow that gilds the eastern azure sky,
 When pearly drops reflect the golden beams
 Of sitting sun, and paint the lively hues
 Which feast the joyous eye with pleasures pure,
 Shone wide around, of dazzling chrystal brightness.
 Her robe *all white*, with glitt'ring gems enwove,
 Waved loose around her polish'd form divine:
 Her eyes beam'd brightness, yet with mildness shone:
 Her head a starry crown of gold adorn'd;
 Her silver locks loose floating to the breeze,
 By zephyrs fann'd, display'd her roseate bloom:
 O'er all her air a graceful ease diffused,
 Majestic splendour and superior mein,
 Mix'd with a softness, which both awed and charm'd,
 With rapture gazing on her pleasing form;
 Illustrious *splendours** shone around this Fair,
 Whose beauteous forms bespake their heavenly birth;
 Eve's fairest daughter's captivating charms,
 Tho' heavenly fair, at their approach would fade
 Like stars at rising sun.—Transported thus,
 Say, Goddess say, what are those shining forms,
 Which graceful round thee move, and wait thy will,
 As lightning swift t' obey thy kind commands?

She smiling said, the *Graces* form my train†:
 Heaven's beams effulgent graceful round me shine,
 Perfect my beauty, make e'en gods adore.
 Fair Pasithea, beautify'd with grace,
 Shines heavenly fair; and lavish of her gifts,
 Charms with her lustre; graces with her grace;
 Diffusive throws her bounty all around.

* Psalm xlv. 14.

† The *Graces* form my train.—The *Graces*, called *charities*, are said to be three; and signify beautiful, graceful, and joyous.—The Apostle commends charity as the most excellent principle of Religion; and shews that it contains all that the three *Graces* are said to possess, viz. a disposition to be bountiful to others—thankfully to receive kindnesses, and cheerfully to requite courtesies. Each act graces and beautifies the soul, and fills it with true joy—characterizes the Christian, and makes his soul bloom with a freshness that shall never fade.

Next Euphrosine, charming as the light,
 And joyous as the rising dawn of day,
 With solid, lasting joys repletes the breast;
 And lovely Thalia follows to confer
 Eternal vigour, and eternal bloom,
 And make to flourish in immortal green.
 My maids of honour these, who wait, attend,
 And crown with glory all who shine in Heaven.
 To join my glorious, shining retinue,
 To follow where I lead, inflamed with love,
 And practise what I order, is to gain
 The smiles of golden earth, glory in Heaven.

Glory and happiness are my delight.
 These to confer on all who love and walk
 In virtue's path, I came from Heaven:
 To love Religion then is to be happy;
 Religion, virtue, happiness, the same,
 A separate existence cannot have;
 So close connected, disunited die.

From her sweet lips, which heavenly truth impart,
 Now learn her *charms*, her *treasures* and her *ways*.
 Religion's nothing less than *virtue's self*;
 'Tis goodness dress'd, adorn'd with *royalty*;
 'Tis *Queen of blessings*, human and divine,
 Shining in beauty, and in bright attire;
 Conducting all her sons in peaceful paths,
 To amaranthine bowers of blooming joys.
 She bids you to be happy, *shews the way*
 To those fair fields where endless pleasures grow.

Religion calls you to forsake your chains,
 To come from Satan's hateful slavery,
 To glorious liberty of sons of God:
 To be the freemen of that city bright,
 Whose walls are jasper, and whose streets are gold;
 Whose food is living bread, whose water's life;
 Whose riches durable, whose light is God;
 From whose right hand flow rivers deep and clear
 Of unremitting pleasures, without end,

Here paused the Goddess.—My full heart exclaim'd,
Columbian youth, for you my bosom glows
With love and warm desire, to lead you on,
To bathe yourselves in pleasure's purest streams,
To drink salubrious draughts at fountain head,
And satiate all your souls with angels food.
What mortal can resist, who pleasure loves!

Again this Fair resumed her charming theme:

Religion bids you seek for heav'nly thrones:

Religion bids you to be kings to God:

Religion bids you to be priests to him:

Religion bids you wear her crowns of glory,

Unfading and immortal as your souls:

Religion bids you to be sons of God:

Religion bids you be joint heirs with Christ:

Religion bids you take inheritance

With saints and angels in immortal life:

Religion bids you take *e'en God himself*.

She then with looks of pity thus deplor'd: [those!

What fools! what worse than fools! what madmen

Who will not take the greatest bliss of Heav'n,

Tho' freely proffer'd, by Heav'n's Sov'reign urged;

Yea, rather feel his wrath, than taste his love?

And now mark well these words, hear for your life,

From all that's bad, Religion bids you turn;

And flee, as for your lives, from all that's ill.

Religion bids you flee from more than death;

She bids you flee from wrath which is to come,

And not adventure into endless flames.

Behold! Religion presses hard on *all*,

To make you happy in eternal life.

How strong her motives! and how great her charms;

Her pleasing voice invites you to her realms:

Throws open wide her gates, and calls aloud,

Come, come and enter mansions of the gods;

Come, take abode in highest climes of bliss,

On thrones of brightest glory seat yourselves

In ivory palaces, *where angels feast*.

What mortal can resist who pleasure loves!
 Whom riches charm! or glory can inspire!
 'Tis glory, honour, riches, pleasure, call!

A shining glass she then display'd to view,
 Around whose gilded frame, in capitals
 Of gold, was writ:—*Glory the wise inherit:
 Wisdom's the food and glory of the mind,
 A chain of gold, an ornament of grace,
 A crown, a treasure, richer far than gold,
 More shining than the ruby's glitt'ring blaze.*

In this bright mirror truth itself appears;
 Treasures of knowledge and of wisdom, hid
 From generations, ages, *here* shine bright:
 Here man may *know himself*; and *all* to man
 That appertains, of great or good, in this
 Or other worlds.—Turn now thine eyes, and see
 This world's beginning, and her doleful end.
 On yonder corner look; behold the world,
 From chaos rising fair: turn now thine eyes
 On other part; you see her beauteous form,
 With flames enwrap't, to utter darkness sink,
 From whence she rose—and what between but light
 With darkness intermix'd. A prospect fair,
 A beauteous scene, all bright, all flow'ry,
 Sudden with gloomy clouds involv'd, and scarce
 A twinkling ray to chase the horrid gloom.
 By gleams of light the blinded race of man
 Rush forward, and in the croud are crush'd to death.
 In winding, slipp'ry paths, through mire and filth,
 They hasten to *that pit*.—Downward I look'd,
 Wide yawn'd a gulph, dark, dreadfully profound,
 And multitudes precipitately plunged,
 Unseen, unthought, they blunder'd off the world.
 With images of awe my mind was fill'd,
 And thus this Fair address'd, with trembling voice;
 O Goddess say, is this the end of man!
 How wretched! how forlorn! O worse than vain!

With looks of pity, kindly she reply'd,
 Man's folly only makes his end forlorn :
 Religion marks a *safe, a shining path,*
 Through this *dark world,* up to the *realms of light.*
 Cast up thine eyes, and mark that shining beam,
 A radiance bright, in darkness to direct
 The *weary* traveller in paths of peace,
 Safe thro' this desert to the land of life.
 A shining light I saw, and darkness fled ;
 A narrow path discern'd, a noble band
 Of graceful mein rejoicing walk'd therein ;
 Affable, kind, each other to assist,
 Sweet peace, love, joy and light, their steps surround,
 All pressing forward for a glorious prize :
 I saw the shining path to terminate
 In splendours, too effulgent to express :
 And as they enter'd those bright realms of light,
 'Midst dazzling glories hid from mortal eyes,
 The Goddess said—*glory the wise inherit.*

This pleasing sight o'erwhelm'd my soul with joy !
 Say now, thou Fairest, why in darkness walk,
 Thro' crooked paths, in that broad road to death,
 Such numbers of mankind ? 'Tis their *own choice,*
 She said : Religion *ready stands to guide :*
Offers her aid ; with all her *eloquence*
Persuades and calls aloud to all who run,
And follows to the borders of that pit,
 “ O turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die ! ”

Some plead *necessity,* fate's stern decrees,
 And think t' excuse their *free and willing choice ;*
 Press reason, to help serve their base designs,
 And push them forward in the road to death :
So wilfully prefer worst ills to good.
 If against will, fate urge, there's then no blame ;
 But willing to be led in ways of sin,
 Whether by *fate* or *not,* the blame's your own ;
 For no decrees necessitate the will.
 This the criterion fix'd by Heaven's high King :

*All rationals are free, will their own fate :
Hence not necessity (whate'er pretence)
But of free choice, they run that road to death ;
And merit what of blame or wrath they meet :
No praise, no blame where freedom is deny'd.*

Within their hearts the cause alone exists,
The ways of virtue hateful, so despised :
The ways of sin delightful, therefore chose.
Almighty grace, which saves *that noble band*,
Of grateful mein, you saw rejoicing walk
That shining path, till light's resurgent blaze
Wrapt them from mortal sight ; *almighty grace*
But leads, directs and guides, but none compels :
A willing service only God accepts.

Whilst unacquainted with Religion's ways,
Poor stupid mortals think there is no joy
In all the treasures which Religion brings,
Tho' richer far than India's boasted wealth ;
And that to take her close as bosom-friend,
All pleasure must abandon, live in wo ;
That gloomy melancholy will hang o'er
Their minds disturb'd ; and souls, bow'd down with
All day go mourning, sad, disconsolate. [grief,

False accusations ! impious in extreme !
To say Religion takes away *your peace*,
Destroys *your comforts*, makes *your pleasure less*.
Religion bids her votaries rejoice,
E'en *always* to rejoice ; gives reason *great*
And ground sufficient to make glad the heart ;
" Mount Zion is the joy of all the earth."

What but Religion can give solid peace
To souls distemper'd, dying in their sins ?
What but Religion wash away their guilt,
And give them certain hope of blessedness ?
Where's room for peace and quiet joy, until
Sins are forgiven, and the soul's made whole ?
While sick to death, what comfort can be had ?
Religion only can effect the cure.

Strange is their peace ! their pleasure stranger still,
 Whose joy arises from a stupid mind :
 The least reflection *stings that joy to death* ;
 One thought turn'd inward makes the soul to quake ;
How vain that peace, one serious thought destroys !
 Hence, often 'midst the greatest seeming joy,
 The loudest laughter of the sons of mirth,
 The heart is sorrowful and sad to death ;
 No music can throw off the heavy load,
 The soul goes stooping, groans to be relieved.

Those thoughts which make the good man's bosom
 With a serene, a calm and placid joy, [glow
 Fill hearts estranged to God with sad surprise,
 Raise fierce disturbance in the guilty soul.
 To think of God, the just, of things eternal,
 Brings horror and amazement to his mind ;
 The dire reflection anguish keen excites ;
 Peace hence departs, and joy reclines her head.
 " No peace unto the wicked," saith my God.
 When once the mind from stupefaction starts,
 What beds of roses seem'd, then turn'd to thorns,
 And opiates disturb, and not compose ;
Then lulled conscience suddenly is roused,
 Which, once awake, false peace takes wings of fire,
 In flames, in fumes, in darkness speeds her flight.
 What peace to those, whom e'en the very thought
 Of the great God of peace disturbs so much ?
 A sickly mind hath eyes too weak for truth ;
 Like Nyctimenē can't endure the light :
 To see is pain and anguish most severe ;
 The light of truth sets conscience all on flame,
 And makes an hell within the guilty soul :
 Torment enough, to know the truth of things,
 And see her folly, *when too late to change.*

Not so the man, whose heart's inflamed with love,
 Who thinks of God, the great, the good, the just,
 With such exultance as words can't express ;
 Within his placid breast, an heart-felt joy

Awakes, in God rejoices, hath such joys,
 With which a stranger intermeddled not;
 Sure earnest of complete eternal joys,
 In those divine abodes, where pleasure dwells,
 Where beds of roses, fragrant flowers, perfume
 The balmy air, and grow without a thorn.

Whatever clouds or darkness veil the mind,
 What gloominess so'er hangs o'er the soul,
 Whatever melancholy lowering sits,
 Brooding and sad, upon the troubled thought,
 Spirits depressing with the weighty load,
 'Tis not Religion, as the *vain* would think,
 That is the cause of such ill-boding thoughts,
 And direful apprehensions of the mind.
 Can that be cause of melancholy sad,
 Which frees the soul from horror, and gives peace?
 Of gloominess can that prove any cause,
 Which dissipates our darkness, fills the mind
 With clear and pleasing light? can that depress
 The spirits, which inhaled spreads quiet, joy,
 Exhilarates the soul, gives perfect life?

If that which frees from guilt, assurance gives
 Of pardon seal'd in Heaven; in open light
 Displays the shining glories of Heaven's realms;
 Thro' Christ gives hope of an immortal life,
 A reconciled God presents to view,
 A Father, who's omnipotently kind,
 And gives the soul to see bright Heaven her home;
 The paraclete of souls, as her sure guide,
 Thro' this dark wilderness to worlds of light,
 And view herself as heir to *all* that's good:
 If such delightful thoughts the mind o'erspread
 With gloomy fears, with horrors fill the soul,
 Weigh down the spirits, *then call Religion dull.*
 For such the pleasing hopes, the glorious views,
 With which she solaces the heart with joy:
 With reason just the same may we assert,
 That the bright rays of the meridian sun

In pitchy darkness all the world involve,
 When midnight gloom o'erspreads the darken'd earth,
 As that Religion, shining in the soul,
 Fills her with clouded melancholy's gloom.
 Religion is the sun, gives light of life,
 The noon-tide blaze, enlightning all the mind;
 Whose beams resplendent chase away, or kill,
 Those dire, tormenting furies of the soul.
 As darkness flees before the rising sun,
 So gloominess before Religion flees.
 Sadness and sorrow of a mortal kind
 Can never dwell within the placid breast,
 Where this fair Goddess reigns: she's queen of joys,
 Her *very ways* are ways of pleasantness,
 And ev'ry of her paths is strew'd with peace.
 On sinking minds sweet cordials she bestows,
 On wings of love seraphic mounts them high
 Above the blackest storms, conveys them safe
 To blissful regions in eternal calm.

Peace in her ways is found, gladness and joy,
 The end is peace, beyond expression great,
 Fulness of joys that never know an end.
 Pleasures of sin are always in decrease,
 Turn bitter soon, and sting the soul to death:
 Religion's joys are always in increase,
 Grow greater, shine more bright, and brighter still,
 Till end in splendours not to be conceived.

How disingenuous then
 To brand Religion with such odious names,
 As tend to bring her into disrepute!
 Whose beauty's all divine, whose kind design,
 So far from harm to men, body or soul,
 That their joint interest in both worlds promotes.
 With aspect mild Religion looks on *all*,
 If possible, her enemies would save.

Religion rectifies disorder'd souls,
 Cures mortal wounds, and sets all right within,
 Gives health and beauty, perfect symmetry;

It is Religion that ennobles souls,
 Fills them with thoughts sublime, angelic joys,
 Angelic splendours; *more*, expands, elates,
 Gives wings above the starry world to mount,
 Converse with God in highest climes of light.

Religion tames the furies of the mind,
 Passions more fierce than lions, tigers, bears,
 She makes quite harmless; profitable too,
 She stills the raging billow's furious noise,
 A sweet serenity she spreads, speaks peace,
 And storms tempestuous settles to a calm.
 Without Religion, passions burn the soul,
 Excite a fever which will prove her death,
 But by Religion guided, lead to life.

What is there kind Religion will not do?
 She makes life happy, 'midst this vale of tears,
 Infuses solid joy, makes all things sweet,
 Removes the dread of death, destroys his sting:—
 By her the king of terrors is o'ercome;
 Death's dreary passage, nature's greatest dread,
 Religion turns into a door of hope,
 Of hope! nay more, into a door that leads
 And opens in that dome where gods reside.
 Who die in Jesus, rest and live, and reign;
 Their death's the end of sorrow, pain and toil;
 It is the last tempestuous storm that wafts
 From pain, disease and *death*, to endless life.

Religion is a lamp, in darkness shines,
 And the dark valley of death's shadow turns
 Into a morning light; when gloomy shades
 The body thick enwrap, with joy supreme
 The soul's illumined, to behold enthroned
 The eternal *Three in One*, all-glorious God,
 The cherubim and seraphim, and saints
 Made perfect there, all clad in splendid robes,
 White as the snow, and wreathen crowns of glory
 Deck their victorious brows, and palms their hands,
 One 'midst the happy, glorious throng he makes,

And tunes his lyre in symphony, to sing
Loud anthems to th' immortal King, who sits
Enthroned in Heav'n; to whom high swelling notes
Of praise ascend from ev'ry tongue: Heaven's dome
Resounds with hallelujahs loud and sweet,
From that bless'd choir where Raphael leads the song.

Thus having spoke, she ceased. Still fix'd to hear,
So pleasingly impress'd with her sweet words:
When sudden o'er my head a radiance beam'd,
The rainbow's varying beauties not so fair,
A lucid glory, charming to behold,
Spread o'er the hemisphere in mingled rays;
The New Jerusalem come down from Heaven,
A city bright, with walls of jaspers green,
With gates of pearl, and streets of purest gold,
Foundations garnish'd with all precious stones,
A crystal jasper's lively verdure's seen,
With sapphire brightness of cœrulean hue,
And Ænean chalcedony's splendour join'd
To emeralds with rainbow's colours crown'd,
Mixed with the blushing sardine's various hues;
The onyx, sardius of atratian die,
Join'd to the chrysolite's pelucid gold;
Of faint sea-green the six-squar'd beryl, mix'd
With golden topaz fair, transparent form,
And chrysophrasus green inmix'd with gold,
A splendid lustre of fulvean tinct,
O'er purple jacinth cast, of princely hue,
With violet amethyst. All vied t' excel
In shining splendour; their united blaze,
Join'd to a plate of pure transparent gold,
A dazzling brightness form'd; to whose fair rays,
For pleasantness, the sun was but a taper.

No scorching sun-beams ever enter there,
No sickly moon, no solitary night;
But one eternal day, its light the *Lamb*,
And glory of the Lord, forever shine.
See there the gilded throne of the Eternal,

So splendid, so superb, description fails:—
 But from whose foot rivers of pleasure flow,
 As crystal clear, meand'ring as they pass
 Thro' golden meads, and with majestic glide;
 Rich nectar sparkles, such as cheers the gods,
 On whose fair banks, on either side, life's trees
 In beauteous verdure stand, supply all Heaven
 With food ambrosial, such as angels eat,
 Whose leaves salubrious, more than Gilead's balm
 Give life immortal; while celestial love
 Breathes in each gale, which wafts the sweets of Heaven,
 Myrrh, balm and cassia, o'er the golden plain,
 To Heaven's full palms.—All Eden's groves and gales,
 Euphrates' streams, Arabia's spicy mounts,
 And Lebanon's fair cedars tow'ring high,
 And hills, and groves, and lawns with prospects fair,
 And fields which bloom with aromatic flowers,
 And cities shining with a thousand spires,
 All sink before this glory of the Lord,
 As formless, void of grandeur and of joy.

In rapture lost, and motionless, I stood.
 A pleasing look she cast, then on her wings,
 Bedropt with gold, with easy flight she soar'd:
 Her beauteous form did far more beauteous shine,
 Amidst those shining splendours when enwrapt;
 And as on high she soar'd, these pleasing words
 From balmy lips let fall: What shines so bright
 And dazzling in thine eyes, tho' gear, the least
 My followers *all possess* when rob'd in light.

Her charming voice vibrating still upon
 My ravish'd ear, from my full heart thus flow'd:
 How foolish, strange and mad! amazing too!
 For beings rational, when danger threatens,
 Yea, more than danger, wrath inflamed, incensed!
 To shut their eyes against that pleasing light,
 Whose beams refulgent point to safety's path,
 The only road where pleasure may be found;
 To slight, contemn, and *more*, e'en curse Religion,

Whose smiling aspect favours either world,
 Makes this life pleasant, thro' a glorious hope,
 The New Jerusalem's our home forever;
 The sweetest cordial of the human heart,
 The rectifier of a sickly mind,
 Restorer of the soul to more than all
 Her pristine beauty, glory, excellence.
 What reason can be giv'n? when *reason's self*
 Will stand aghast, and start at mentioning
 Of things like these! O how unwise! to shew
 Contempt to *that*, which offers pardon, peace,
 Yea sceptres, kingdoms, crowns and diadems,
 In glory far excelling *all* on earth!

Such folly not the hearts of all possess.

Narcissus and Lucinda, happy pair!
 The offspring of religious parents each,
 And taught in early youth Religion's ways,
 With piety and virtue both were graced.

First, for their goodness, they each other loved,
 And as mature they grew, the sacred flame
 Warm'd both their hearts, and into friendship turn'd;
 Then melted into love, which hearts unite,
 And blend together in a bond for life.

Religion taught them always to be kind,
 Their mutual good pursue, and live in peace;
 Her rules they both observed, and both were bless'd:
 Their strife was only which should please the most,
 And then most pleased when greatest pleasure gave.
 With smiles their eyes each other always met;
 Or, any time should passion swell their breast,
 Religion taught them to suppress its heat,
 And soften into love, and peace prevail'd.

A smiling offspring graced their frugal board,
 An offspring all-devoted to their God;
 A daily intercourse they kept with Heav'n,
 Ascended morn and evening sacrifice,
 Sweet incense to that God who rules the world;
 Whose smiles bless'd all the labours of their hands,

Whose guardian angels round their bed encamp;
With joy they always view'd the rising morn,
And in the fountain of all life rejoiced.

God's holy days were pleasure to their souls,
With willing feet together early walk'd
To meet th' assembling saints of the Most High,
And pay their homage in his earthly courts,
With joyful hopes of raising higher notes
Together, in those courts which shine in Heav'n;
Their countenance a chearful calmness graced,
Diffusing joy on all who round them lived;
With feeling hearts most tender, in distress
Their hands and substance minister'd relief;
Whose charity was never wearied out,
So kind, so affable, obliging, good,
That all who knew, both loved, admired and bless'd.
Not long on earth such bliss the best enjoy;
A discipline is needful to *perfect*
And fit for Heav'n: 'tis tribulation's purge,
Refine from dross, and brighten up the soul,
To shine in glory's splendid realms above.

That God, who gave them all, required his loan;
The *best* belongs to him; their fairest child,
Pick'd from their number, to himself he took.
Their feeling hearts dissolved in tears of wo,
Their *finest feelings* waked, they felt the rod,
God's holy chastening not by them despised:
Religion's cordials still support their souls,
And kept from sinking into sad despair:
High consolations, neither few nor small,
Dropt from above into their troubled minds;
A settled calmness in their breasts effect,
And in affliction still in God rejoiced,
Adored his justice, loved his holiness,
Mercy and goodness still around them shone;
To God committed both themselves and cares,
Into his bosom all their sorrows pour'd;

Leaning on Heaven, they found most sweet repose,
And thus they chear'd each other in distress.

That God who gave, has taken but *his own*;
From earth, our fairest flower now grows in Heav'n,
Transplanted to the skies, shall fade no more,
But grow and flourish in immortal green:
A few revolving suns, and we are meet
To go and live with him, to part no more:
Let sorrow cease, and hymns of praise and love
To our kind Father in the Heav'ns ascend,
Whose love in his chastisements shines most bright.

Thus happily, obedient and resign'd,
They lived a joyous life: tho' trouble oft
Assail'd, their peace was firm; built on *that Rock*,
The Rock of Ages, never moves nor fails.

Their lives now fill'd with good, matured for Heav'n,
The God they served in kindness sent a guard,
A guard of angels, to convoy them safe
Thro' death's dark valley, to the realms of light:
With joyful hopes they dropt their dying flesh,
Without a murmur'ing word resign'd their souls
Into his hands, who gave their souls to live:
Quicker than thought wing'd their mysterious flight,
Under their convoy, to those bless'd abodes,
Where light, and love, and joy, and peace, and life,
Forever reign, and sin and sorrow cease.

O what transporting joy enwrapt their souls,
When first appear'd the New Jerusalem!
With glorious splendours graced, shining with gold!
And as they near approach'd, thro' gates of pearl
Enter'd the golden city of the Lord,
Where cherubim and seraphim reside,
And saints in glory clad, enthroned in Heav'n,
And the Eternal's shining face appear'd
Without a veil, and their Redeemer smiled,
Welcomed by all to those sublime abodes,
And crown'd and seated with those gods in Heaven,
Whose bliss begun, shall never know an end.

Drop now thy pen, for words cannot express,
Thoughts cannot reach, *so great the joy!*

Who would not wish his end might be like these?
Then live their life: Religion love, embrace,
Walk in her pleasant paths, *their joy is yours.*

Behold a prize for mortal man to reach!
A prize far more than golden *Heaven itself,*
And all the glories of her shining realms.

Poor stupid mortals *turn their backs,* and cry
Aloud, let Heaven be lost! *let Heaven be lost!*
Wonder ye angels, stand amazed ye saints!

Who sit on glorious thrones in realms of light,
Who taste her heavenly food, and drink her wine,
And chaunt th' eternal praises of that God,
Who gives your souls t' enjoy *so high a bliss?*

O how astonish'd must they look on you,
Despising all the joys which they possess!

In this bright mirror folly's self is seen,
Pourtray'd in height and depth, in length and breadth,
The cause discover'd why Religion's scorn'd:
Of all above the short result is this;

"Bright are the pleasures which Religion gives,

"But sinful pleasures are as dark as night:

"Reason forever with Religion joins,

"Folly and madness are her *only foes.*"

Reason and conscience both unite their voice,
And bid you to be wise, and love Religion.

Conscience all vice forbids; reason the same,
Both push you back from harm, urge on to bliss;
Religion joins *her voice,* obey and live.

It is the will which blinds and hides the light,
To gratify the flesh the will is set,

Hearts bent on wickedness have *iron wills;*

Reason and conscience can't endure their force:

Hence smother'd conscience groans, and reason bows;

Then vice triumphant reigns without controul.

Man thus to reason deaf, and *conscience blind,*

Exults in darkness, while he hates the light,
Self-blinded, self-deceived, loves ways of death.

Man hates the man, who practises deceit
In things of little weight, this world concern;
And yet is pleased when he deceives himself
In things of greatest moment, loves deceit,
Receives, accepts with kindness, yea takes pains
To seek it out, and on himself to practise:
With joy his heart exults; can he deceive,
And blind his mind, to think no punishment
Awaits the guilty; shut his eyes so close,
As not to see the gulph of second death,
Till headlong he descends, and is convinced
By sad experience that there is a God,
Whose wrath incensed will burn like quenchless fire
The wretch who God contemns, his counsels scorns,
And all his righteous laws treads under foot;
That Heav'n's high King will not be mock'd by man?

O ye immortals! rapid on that tide,
Which soon will waft you to time's farthest shore!
Where life or death, glory or shame, await,
As vice or virtue mark'd your chosen path:
Ye, who are bound for an eternal scene,
With reason and Religion for your guides!
Will ye so wanting be unto yourselves,
Neglect them both? and not in earnest seek
A happiness that's adequate to all
The vast desires of your immortal souls?
Shall that eternal good, which is commensurate
With an existence that shall never end,
Tho' freely proffer'd by the Lord of Heav'n,
Have no effect? Shall subleary things,
The transitory pleasures of an hour,
Preferr'd to an eternal, happy life,
In Heav'n? shall fading glories of the world
Outweigh that far more great, exceeding
Eternal weight of glory, that's reserved,

In Heav'n's sublime abodes, mansions of bliss,
For all who tread the pleasant paths of virtue?

What lamentations follow your neglect
To seek for such exalted happiness,
As glory, honour, immortality!
What bitter cries will pierce your souls, to find
You've miss'd the blessedness of those who walk'd
With God below in love and pleasing joy,
And live forever with the Lord above!
In sad despair must join their doleful moan,
Whose cutting accents pierce the horrid gloom
With fruitless wails, and groans commixt with tears.

O could my strains with equal force affect
The stony hearts, as Amphion's did the stones,
And make them follow to elysian fields;
They'll lead you on in peaceful harmony,
In the calm sunshine of Jehovah's face,
To sit, from rudeness freed, and polish'd bright,
With lustre shine, in social glee combined,
To quaff immortal draughts of heav'nly joy.
If an eternity of such delights
Is worth your notice, seize the golden prize.
Let others then make choice of sons of mirth,
To give a greater relish to life's pleasures,
And make its joys taste sweeter, *bitter still*:
Be thou, Religion, my companion sweet
Thro' this short life, compos'd of changing scenes,
Where fields of roses bloom inmixt with thorns,
To blooming joys in aromatic groves,
Where changing scenes shall change *from joy* no more,
And beds of roses without briers grow.
With thee more pleasure in an hour I'll gain,
Than can an age procure from *more than all*
The pleasing scenes this flowery world affords.
A day with thee, is worth a thousand spent
In pleasure's softest lap, earth's soul embrace,

The BEAUTIES of RELIGION.

B O O K III.

*All revolutions, whether we regard
The nat'ral, civil or religious world,
The former two but servants of the third,
To this their duty done, they both expire.*

YOUNG.

THE A R G U M E N T.

The appearance of Religion; its happy effects with respect to society; is productive of the happiness of civil communities. Hence an argument against Atheists and Deists; ill effects of their principles. True patriotism, what and from whence it arises; the patriotic virtues of Governor HANCOCK; Governor BOWDOIN's virtuous conduct in suppressing rebellion. Irreligion the source of all evil in communities. Wickedness the cause of war: A brief description of the American; its unhappy effects. Battle on Bunker-Hill; General WARREN's death, MONTGOMERY's. The gratitude due from the United States to General WASHINGTON, whose name is too great in orbem terrarum, and who is too dear to his country, to need any encomium. Concludes with the peactable reign of Religion, which will issue in the millennium. A description of it, &c.



B O O K III

25

In Heaven's divine abodes, the shining throng

The BEAUTIES of RELIGION.

Owe their transitory and sweet converse,
Next to the trainings of Jehovah's face,
Unto Religion's III: K

Into perfection, perfectly obey'd,
Tears all her ways and laws are unobscured
By the dark night of error's gloom,
Nor intermix'd with carnal pleasures' bloom,
Tho' fix'd in bliss, and good and true,
Of good and evil, of spirits,
And why a world of woe and pain,
And angels' bliss, high truths,
On Heaven's throne, who dwell,
But sheels of those who dwell,
Till the last trump shall sound,
And put our souls in good and true,
And thus shall we be made like unto them,
When Adam fell, in flames shall
In flames shall burn, Man then
Sees all things, What will
No good will, In de-
In de-
To travel
Which
Tis now
To this
If God
And all

ONCE more the Goddess from her shining throne,
In robes refulgent, shew'd her graceful form;
With still increasing splendour now she shone,
With princely mien and majesty she trod:
Her golden crown, lucid with pearly gems,
A radiant circle form'd round her fair face,
Which shone with heavenly lustre, and her eyes
Beam'd with majestic brightness, rays divine
Enwrap the Goddess with a dazzling light,
Too bright, too splendid, for incarnate eyes;
In her right hand a golden sceptre gleam'd,
And in her left an olive branch she wav'd.
I saw the Alexanders, Washingtons,
And Cæsars of the world, *all* came, and placed
Their crowns, their laurels, and their wreaths of fame,
At her fair feet, and said, *thy glory's all.*

Again transported, my request renew:
Say, heavenly Fair, what influence thou hast
In states, in kingdoms, which thy charms adore.

With aspect mild she kindly thus reply'd:
From the first dawn of *being*, to that hour
When sun shall shine no more, I rule and reign,
Nor drop my sceptre when creation sleeps.
Thro' worlds unnumber'd my dominions reach,
To nature's last extreme my sway extends;
I roll the wheels thro' infinite immense,
Then to perfection, when time is no more,
And all my willing subjects safely lodged
In those high realms, where none oppose my reign.

In Heaven's divine abodes, the shining throng,
 In peaceful harmony, who live and sing
 Perpetual hallelujahs to their God,
 Owe their tranquility and sweet converse,
 Next to the smilings of Jehovah's face,
 Unto Religion's laws; *all* there matured
 Into perfection, perfectly obey'd.
There all her ways and laws are unobscured
 By the dark mists of false philosophy;
There her decrees and counsels brightly shine,
 Nor interrupt the freedom of the will,
 Tho' fix'd as fate: dark *here*, but *there* shall know
 Of good and evil; *there* from whence and how;
 Of spirits, operations, forms and powers,
 And why a world is lost, and then redeem'd,
 And angels leaving seats in Heaven for men;
High truths! turn dizzy greatest minds, shine bright,
 On Heaven's high mountains in the realms of light.
 But these are things beyond the narrow ken
 Of those who dwell in clay, not to be known
 Till the last trump shall sound, then wake the dead,
 And put on robes of light;—effulgence beams,
 And truths involved in darkness, from that hour
 When Adam fell, to that great day, when earth
 In flames shall melt and disappear, then shine;
 Man then exults in light's refulgent blaze,
 Sees all things clearly by Religion's rays.

What if to reason high the mind's disposed?
 No good will thence accrue; soon lost in heights,
 In depths no less unfathom'd yet by man.
 Strange in perplexity that men delight!
 To travel hard inextricable paths,
 Which lead to mazy, labyrinthine straits.
 Try now thy faculties, right answer give
 To these high questions; *stagger not in thought.*
 If God is one eternal simple act,
 And all things in one view *as present sees*,
 Then thousand ages, *to a moment shrink*:

For as they are, *all things by God are seen:*
 A moment, then, *compriseth longest time.*
 False reckoning, therefore, *to compute by parts:*
 Days, months, or years, or ages, *all the same.*
 Can he, who is I AM, *succession know?*
 Successive knowledge *imperfections mark.*
 Can times without succession *difference know?*
 If God knows no succession, *none there is;*
 How then *can difference of time exist?*
 If difference to us appear, *this false:*
 Ten thousand ages hence, *are past with him,*
 As much as those ten thousand, *that have been;*
 Neither the one or other *have or shall.*
 In *this*, to view like God, is more than man,
 Than angels more, *contrary must our views;*
 Nor true nor just for man to view as God;
 Finite with infinite cannot *compare;*
 A part as yet ne'er did comprise the whole.
 In moral rectitude likeness consists,
 Therefore to you belongs only to know
 How to believe and live, and what's my power
 For happiness on earth, as well as Heaven.
 This known, all knowledge else may be dispensed,
 As sublimated, or as flatulent:
 All nature's secrets known, are nought to *this,*
 To know Religion, and obey her voice:
 Who keep her mandates shall enjoy her smiles,
 Those smiles which gladden Heaven, and earth rejoice,
 Equal her care for parts and the great whole.
 In worlds of light she reigns, and none oppose,
 And peace, love, happiness, does wide diffuse.
 What peace! what happiness! *this world* would have,
 If all who lived therein were govern'd wholly
 By Religion's rules? her sway is gentle,
 And easy is her yoke; no heavy burthen
 Her commands impose; reason's their basis;
 All happiness upon compliance waits.

If unopposed her placid reign on earth,
 Peace like a river would flow round this globe;
 Love, temperance and justice, *all* concur,
 To heighten and perpetuate earthly bliss;
 To make life pleasant, happy, no alloy;
 Delightful pleasantness, like Eden's garden,
 Before the fall of man, would overspread
 The earth, a blooming Paradise of joy;
 Rapine and murder, war and tumult, cease;
 Destruction, desolation by the sword,
 No more would spread themselves around this ball;
 Fraud and oppression would be banish'd hence;
 Malice, revenge, envy and hatred cease;
All would be calm and quiet, love and joy.
 A golden age at once would rise to view,
 If all her laws obey'd, and sought the good,
 With earnestness as great, as now their hurt
 By joint consent is sought (shame to mankind!)
 What happy times indeed! did *all* promote
 The good and welfare of their fellow men,
 And in their mutual, prosperous state rejoice?
 The happiness of *all each* soul would feel,
Each breast be fill'd with constant pure delight,
Each heart dilate with new continual joy,
 And feel a pleasure not to be express'd.

Therefore the man whose impious tongue blasphemes,
 And speaks against Religion's peaceful reign,
 Speaks 'gainst the peace and quiet of mankind:
 His own peace too, in *this* and future state:
 And who oppose her gentle reign, rebel,
 Transgresses her rules, tread under foot her laws,
 Do what they can to render earth a place
 Horrid, delightful, full of impious deeds.

The atheist and the deist each alike
 Discard Religion, that is taught of God:
 Unfriendly is the part they act, to both
 The safety, welfare, happiness of man.
 To look no further than the present state,

The mischief would be great without repair,
 Did all believe, as some pretend, and fools
 Have said, that there's no God, Religion none;
 God's will to man was never yet reveal'd,
 No other law in force but nature's law,
 Hid deep in ev'ry breast, quite out of sight.
 This principle in full extent admit,
 No laws, no kindness, promises nor trusts,
 Contracts nor oaths, could stable footing find;
 For solemn oaths, by which alone the rights
 Of individuals are settled firm,
 Would prove of none effect, lose all their force,
 And nothing but confusion, discord, and a train
 Of blackest evils, horrid deeds, would fill
 The world; and render fortunes and the lives
 Of *all* precarious ev'ry hour.—

Religion walks sublime, and like the sun
 Diffuses wide around her gentle rays;
 And like the sun sits regent on her throne,
 Too high for fierce assailants to depose;
 Smiles at their rage, nor feels their vain attempts.
 The polished shafts of her invet'rate foes,
 Pointed with venom, hurled with manly strength,
 And all the force of genius that a Hume,
 A Bolingbroke, a Shaftsbury and Hobbes,
 A Voltaire and a Gibbons, ere could boast,
 Fall feeble at her feet.—Let boasting wits
 First try the lesser to perform, and turn
 The sun to darkness, and blot out the stars,
 Nor hope, *e'en then*, Religion's greater light
 To quench.

When stars shall fade, and suns shall shine no more
 In full meridian blaze, Religion still shall shine.

Whatever those pretend of love to man,
 Who're enemies to God, vain's their pretence.
 Religion's foes are always foes to God,
 For she's God's offspring, image of himself;
 In her the King of Heaven shews his face;

Despise her beauty, God himself's despised.
If once Religion could be proved a foe
Against the peace and quiet of the world,
Could this fair Beauty, with malign aspect,
Look down on man, and sink his comforts low,
With just resentment then might reason rise
To extirpate and banish her from earth :
But since Religion benefits the world,
Promotes all order, peace and quietness,
That find a place secure in worlds like this;
Her rules the best observed, most peace enjoy'd ;
Therefore, by ev'ry lover of mankind,
Religion *must* be cherish'd and embraced.
Religion's first and last requirement is,
To love your fellow creatures as yourselves,
And this will never fail actions to form,
With views promotive of the good of *all* :
Who ever sought the hurt of those they loved ?
Nay, love will make *all* do the good they can ;
Yea, venture *all* to serve the gen'ral good.

Therefore the patriot in the Christian shines
Most bright, as diamonds set in polish'd gold ;
Nor can a real patriot exist,
Unless Religion actuate his soul.
As soul and body join'd make up the man,
So virtue and Religion in the man,
Make up the steady, shining patriot.
As body without soul cannot survive,
No more can virtue, when Religion's gone.
Religion without virtue's but a cheat,
And virtue at the best is but a shade,
When separate from Religion shews her face.
As shades sometimes afford a cool retreat
From scorching sun-beams, so virtue's shadow
Oft protects a State from faction's furious rage ;
Her very shadow benefits the world.

Love is Religion, love to God and man,
All shining virtues grow in this rich soil ;

And who can shine a patriot without love?
 Love then to beings, to promote their good,
This is Religion, *this* true patriotism,
This and *this only* leads to noble deeds,
 Will influence the man whose bosom glows
 With a divine, pure, sacred, friendly flame,
 T' adventure all in freedom's glorious cause;
 Strain ev'ry nerve, when virtue lies at stake;
 Nor think it much to hazard *all*, to gain
 His country's freedom, and to fix the rights
 And glorious privileges of mankind,
 Upon a basis permanent and firm
 For ages yet to come, to have, and hold,
 Possess, enjoy, in undisturb'd repose.

True patriotism is not confined to *spots*,
 The *little spot of ground* which gave him *birth*.
 The noble soul a wider range surveys,
 And when for *parts* it flames with burning zeal,
 Connects the whole, takes in all human kind,
 And none opposes who are friends to man.
 And when his fatal steel with crimson dies,
 His bosom burns with love to spare his foe,
 Would justice and the rights of man permit.

How far beneath the patriot falls the man,
 Who with demoniac rage lays countries waste,
 In human carnage takes most sweet delight,
 Nor cares who suffers, he remaining free?
 The heroes such by fame renown'd of old,
 Whose triumphs from destruction took their rise:
 Religion's heroes save, and not destroy:
 Salvation is the motto of her King,
 The banner he displays is always love;
 Heroes without it? nay, murderers rather!
 Destroyers of mankind, whate'er pretence.

A patriot without love! romantic talk!
 A body without soul not more inert.
 The flames of love, through the whole soul diffused,
 Make patriots steady, from their course unmoved,

With conduct uniform, to bless mankind,
 Expecting nothing from the world they serve,
 As adequate to recompence their toil ;
 They seek no more than *consciousness* of right,
 Which fills their souls with pleasure's purest self,
 Amply rewarded from *approved reviews*,
 Most pleasing satisfaction of the mind.

What nobler joy can human hearts possess ?
 Let bands of noble patriots declare,
 And heroes brave and bold, humane and just,
 Whose great and gen'rous souls with love enflamed,
 Disdaining ease, pleasures renouncing, flew
 To senate or the field, dangers to face,
 Their country's freedom to secure, and save
 From abject servitude, that's worse than death.
 Delight intense reflection makes abound.
 O what extatic pleasure ! noble joy !
 Reflecting on such glorious deeds as these !
 Whilst ye repose beneath the olive shade,
 On liberty's fair bosom, taste the sweets
 Of peace, in common with your country saved ;
 No higher office can archangels have,
 No greater pleasure than of giving bliss
 Was ever known on earth, nor yet in Heav'n.

Her words then imaged to my mind the brave,
 The gallant heroes of fair freedom's land ;
 Spontaneous flow'd my words.

'Twas thou, O HANCOCK, first adventured forth,
 And stood against oppression's iron hand,
 And stem'd the torrent of tyrannic pride,
 When like a mighty deluge roaring loud,
 It threaten'd to o'erwhelm thy native land.
 Whose bosom glow'd, with patriot virtues fill'd,
 With such a love as circles human kind.

To thee, the graces all their charms impart ;
 Kind, affable and gen'rous in extreme,
 If in extreme benevolence can be ;

Learned and brave, tho' delicately form'd;
Steady and calm, with sense refined endued.

With gratitude we fix our eyes on thee,
Who took the helm, amidst the blackest storm;
To glorious freedom safe thy country steer'd,
And form'd it for an empire, to remain
To latest ages, *independent, free*;
Whose worthy name and glorious deeds shall live
Long as fair freedom shall Columbia bless.

Those yet unborn shall rise and sing thy praise,
"How firm, unshaken was his noble soul!
"How bright his mind! how tender was his heart!
"How wise! how great! how humane and how just!
"How good! philanthropy was all his soul!
"Intent to rescue from tyrannic sway,
"How active was his zeal! how bright it flamed!
"Nor blazed in vain; both light and heat convey'd,
"Till spreading far and wide, each gen'rous breast
"Felt the pure flame, with ardour roused at once,
"To drive fell legions from the happy land
"Where freedom fixed her throne. Approving Heaven
"View'd with her smiles, and bless'd the kind designs,
"And noble undertakings of the man,
"Till peace with balmy wings o'erspread the land,
"And gave *that freedom which we now enjoy*!"

Most worthy patriot, deign it accept the mite,
The only tribute in my pow'r to give,
To sing thy worthy deeds, and tell the world
What *all the world by glorious actions know*.

With approbating smiles thus she proceeds:
When danger threatens, patriots' bosoms swell,
They raise their heads august in greatest storms,
Thro' clouds of thickest darkness bright appear,
Yea shine more splendid for involving gloom;
Virtue oppress'd, with brightest lustre shines,
From dormant state makes all her charms appear.

When mean, ungen'rous minds, whose callous hearts
The soft emotions of humanity

Could never feel, make impious attempts
 To rob their country of its fairest rights,
 The sparks of virtue to a flame are blown
 In ev'ry breast, whose bosom glows with love
 To liberty, zeal for the public good,
 And calls them forth to actions bright as noon.

Man's heart is seen, his ways are known in Heaven;
 His motives scan'd, and his *dark deeds* enrol'd
 In registers which saints and angels read:
 And ev'ry man shall one day read his life,
 Himself shall publish with a trumpet's voice
 His thoughts, his words and deeds, to all in Heaven.
 Oh! what a clashing among thoughts and deeds!
 How will his cheek burn with a blushing shame,
 To tell his thoughts in Heaven, his deeds unlike!
 To tell, that fairest words, design'd to smoothe
 A path to blackest deeds; most harm was meant
 When oily words and dimpled smiles were used
 To gain advantage unobserved, to strike,
 That with a single blow thousands might fall.
 Religion's often falsely charged with that
 To which she's most averse: pretended friends,
 Who hate her ways, in opposition act;
 Regardless of her precepts, lusts fulfil;
 Practise unrighteousness, deal with deceit,
 On others ruins aggrandise themselves:
 The voice of irreligion cries aloud,
 Behold Religion's good effects! 'tis this
 Which makes them bad, far worse than others
 Who no profession make.—The voice of reason this?
 To charge Religion with the blackest crimes,
 Those crimes which raise her fury to the highest!
 Both on her secret and her open foes
 She looks with equal eyes of keen disdain;
 Unjustly then calumnious tongues revile,
 And brand her with those crimes *her foes* commit.
 The wicked always hate her form; then most
 Their hatred burns, when they pretend most love;

When oily words slide from their tongues; their hearts,
Inflamed with meditated ire suppress,
To smooth a secret path to blackest deeds:
Baseness of ev'ry kind is foe to her,
Nor less a foe to peace and quiet life.

What is't, but irreligion that embroils
The world in trouble? look on *high*, on *low*,
On cities and on empires thro' the world;
Perplexity and troubles, num'rous, great,
Tumult and noise, dire devastation, fire,
Sword, war and blood, how much do these prevail?
Prevail they more than vice itself abounds.

There's most perfection where's least need of laws;
Laws, multiply'd, imply more wickedness,
And vice increases with increase of laws;
For with restraints man's nature don't agree;
Thus each the other generates: hard case!
Religion's law's essentially but one;
Her law of love, call'd law of liberty,
Compriseth *all*; how easy then is virtue!
A maxim hence for wisest states to build;
Laws *few* and *plain* virtue and peace promote,
Obscure and multiply'd, breed endless strife.

Obedience to just laws perfects the soul;
'Tis wise, 'tis great, 'tis noble, to obey.
All disobedience tends to *littleness*:
To greatness who pretend in vicious ways,
Ignobler grow the greater their pretence;
By running down-hill none attain the *height*.
No greater littleness can souls possess
Than that by vice inthrall'd; self-setter'd then,
Minds small by nature, like small bodies strut,
Attracting notice *show* their littleness.
Thus vice to shame, virtue to honour tends.

Virtue and vice for sov'reignty contend,
And peace and quiet, wars and fightings, reign
In just proportion to the sway of each.
The happiness of states from virtue springs,

And all their misery from vice takes rise.
 No vice without an evil at her heels;
 Each brat of hell spreads mischief where she comes;
 From a few instances you learn the whole.

When *slander* with her venom lurks abroad,
 With fiery forked tongue, and fears no harm,
 She nips each bud of virtue in the bloom,
 And stings the good; then horrid deeds prevail.
 When *envy*, pale and ghastly to behold,
 Fears not in open day to shew her face,
 Stretching both hands with impudence to pluck
 The wreathen laurel from another's brow,
 Then patriots firm must hide their heads, or die.
 When *avarice*, hard of heart, with harpy hands,
 Seizes and gripes another's wealth, and leagued
 With dire oppression's bitter, heavy scourge,
 The good she lashes with relentless rage,
 The virtuous feel the smart, and none escape:
 A state is fill'd with moans, and sighs, and groans.
 When smooth and sly *deceit* walks forth in smiles,
 Dissimulation deep veils rankled thoughts;
 Then with a kiss a sword the heart pervades.
Intemperance a thousand plagues procures,
 Pain, and disease, and death, her followers are,
 Debilitating *sloth* unnerves a state,
 And every manly virtue she despoils.
Corruption, like a miner under ground,
 Foundations of the firmest base will sap.
 When *public faith* and *justice* stop their ears
 To cries of orphan'd thousands in distress,
 Virtue's dethroned, and vice triumphant reigns!
 Then tremble states, and loftiest empires bow,
 "In cumbrous ruin thunder to the ground."
 When *discord*, foaming with a canine rage,
 Spreads o'er the land, then civil fury blasts
 The buds of happy times, and stains the fields
 With crimson; faction's furious breath, red-hot,
 Enkindles into flames kingdoms and states.

Behold an empire flourishing in peace,
 While virtue and Religion bear the sway;
 But in their stead, should vice arise, prevail,
 Peace is no more; but tumults, wars and blood:
 Mixed passions, kindling to a rage like hell,
 And breasts with bosoms burn, unquench'd blaze;
 Whole nations burn like to a troubled sea;
 When Boreas sends his forces o'er the main:
 Let virtue shew her head august, stand firm,
 And rise superior to the mighty storm,
 The boist'rous billow's furious rage is quell'd,
 The storm tempestuous settles to a calm.

A time in states there is, when wisest men
 Their greatest talents need display to save.
 When such the time, and God designs to spare,
 And rescue from destruction trembling states,
 That on the point of dissolution totter,
 From foreign pow'rs, or from convulsive pangs,
 Inbred commotion, more dangerous of the two,
 Some one excites, of manly fortitude,
 And strength of mind full equal to the task,
 And one alone. See WASHINGTON thus raised,
 Endued and fitted for the glorious work;
 By him alone so gloriously accomplish'd.
 A second, equal him, not to be found,
 Unless some equal work to be perform'd:
 Greater there may be, altho' seeming less;
 For as disease internal, threatening death,
 While secret preying on the springs of life,
 Tho' small to what external might appear,
 More speedy dissolution yet effects:
 Intestine broils, to empires fatal oft,
 Which stood the violence of foreign powers
 Unshock'd.—She ceased.—I said,

For thee, O Bowborn! was reserved this praise;
 To crush rebellion, ease thy govern'd state
 Of pangs deep felt from furious faction's rage,
 Fix peace and justice in the chair of state.

Convulsions shook her inmost frame, and chill'd
 Her blood; stagnate, inert and spiritless,
 As in deep pangs of expiration groan'd.
Thou to the highest station rais'd august,
 By nature form'd for greatness, and by grace
 For *goodness equal*, high in excellence,
 In whom sage, patriot, Christian, all unite:
 With firm unshaken virtue to oppose,
 And with a mind capacious to descry,
 And quick to penetrate most deep designs:
 With philosophic calmness shone serene,
 Graced with a Christian love, and clad with zeal,
 The patriot's shining robe: the spiritless,
 Inspirited by thee, *chill'd blood* flow'd warm,
 And bosoms catch'd the flame; till burning zeal,
 Rebellion, with her hydra head, made flee;
 Restored to health and vigour now the state,
 Preserved from ruin, and in peace to dwell,
 In quiet to possess, and undisturb'd from fear,
 Thy country's gratitude to thee is due.
 A Christian heart will feel it, *tho' unpaid*;
 Virtue's reward is not the vain applause
 Of a mixt multitude, *oft paid to vice*.
 'Tis good perform'd, blessings confer'd, that give
 A solid joy; *and not on breath dependent*,
 And such *thy heart* possess'd; and know, the wise,
 The good, the virtuous, will approve, applaud,
 Resound thy virtuous deeds thro' freedom's realms.

Patron of arts and science, who presid'st
 O'er fair Columbia's academic sons,
 Who first by thee in beauteous order ranged,
 Beneath thine auspices shall rise and shine,
 Shall bloom and flourish, knowledge wide dispense,
 Give life its polish bright, and bless a world.
 Thy name illustrious! and enroll'd with those
 Whose soaring genius led them to the stars,
 BOYLE, NEWTON, BOWDOIN too, immortal names!
 Too splendid and too high for envy's tongue,

(Which low things blasts) to reach; virtue protects.
The man as well as states, high raises both,
The man how high!

Let philosophic learned volumes speak,
Just history record, and read by those
Who yet unborn shall bless and sound his fame,
Whose virtue shone, and saved a sinking state.

The Goddess then her pleasing theme renews:
In characters so shining, bright appears
Of Christian virtues an assemblage fair,
Nor could such *shining characters* exist,
Were actions by Religion's rules not squared:
Who act upon *the square*, the brightest shine;
For virtue always carries off the prize.

Know then *religious virtue* is the base,
The solid, fix'd foundation, which supports
Firm and unshaken kingdoms, empires, states,
Unmoved, till vice assumes fair virtue's place;
Then greatest kingdoms totter, reel and fall.
Fair liberty with virtue grows entwined;
Religion is the sun, their fruits matures.
All vassalage is hateful in her eyes;
She leads to glory, liberty and life,
And vice to thralldom, infamy and death.

Thy views across th' Atlantic now extend:
See there how kingdoms rose, how kingdoms fell,
By virtue rose and shone, by vice they fell.
With virtue, liberty and peace depart,
With liberty and peace all safety flies,
And without *safety* kingdoms are no more;
Thus the *extreme* of evil follows close,
And ever treads upon the heels of vice.
Kingdoms for ruin ripen by their crimes,
Thus Mede and Persian, Roman, Greek and Jew—
To the *first rise* of empire backward look,
From where Euphrates rolls his placid stream
From Eden's bow'r, upon his flow'ry bank:
Then forward to where empires shine no more;

All, all to vice and baseness fall a prey,
And vice will one day set the world on fire.

What now deprives that Prince of half his realms,
Who took the sceptre then, when England's glory
Was in the height? the kingdoms all around
Revered the Monarch, and his subjects loved:
No King e'er mounted Britain's lofty throne
With greater lustre or more general love.
How bright might such a King have shone?
But when the golden crown, impearl'd with gems
Of brightest radiance, on his head was placed,
Portentous dropt a diamond; augurs say,
Of empire or of glory lost, too soon fulfill'd!
Instead of peace and quiet round his throne,
And thro' his empire wide, what horrid jars!
What noise! what tumults! and what bitter cries!
What groans from those whose garments roll'd in blood!

Here paused the Goddess. Thus my plaint I pour'd:
The purple streams have reach'd Columbia's shore;
What noble lives a sacrifice have fall'n!
And blood like rivers drench'd th' empurpled plains.
At Lexington the crimson flood began,
Which spread both far and wide, from east to west,
From north to south, the horrid din of arms;
The brazen throat of war loud roaring shook
The solid earth, and trembled ev'ry town;
Some few relentless flames devour'd, enkindled
By men, whose hearts were more relentless far:
Sad desolation mark'd their flying steps,
Witness fair Charlestown, laid in ruinous heaps;
Witness thou Kingston in Esopus too,
Fairfield and Norwalk! these aloud declare,
With Bunker's Hill all stain'd with purple gore,
What horrors are produced by vice's train.
How heavy was that sad and gloomy day,
Which fill'd the air with dying groans! made fields
To smoke with blood, and shrieks to pierce the skies!
From tender parents of their sons bereft!

Thy heights, O Charlestown, dismal to behold !
As thick as hail-stones, when the leaden death
Flew thro' the turbid air ; destruction sent
Promiscuous, thro' armies in array.

The morn rose fair, and beautiful the day,
The sun with gentle influences shone,
And seem'd with smiles to kiss the distant earth,
And bid mankind be gentle, live in love ;
To calmness all the elements were hush'd,
And gentle breezes join'd to whisper soft,
In the rough ears of man, both peace and love ;
For nature and Religion teach alike :
Untaught by such instruction, high is man,
His passions boil when elements are still ;
Then is the time for man to raise a storm,
A storm more black than nature ever made,
Tho' all the elements at once combined
To raise its fury to the highest :—such was this
Fair morning ; long 'ere noon, sulphureous smoke
Involved the sun in gloom.—At dawn of day
War's trumpets sound alarm, drums beat to arms,
Thro' streets of Boston crowds of warriors press,
The form'd battalions to their boats proceed,
And ply the foaming waves with clashing oars,
Under safe cover of their cannon move,
Whose roar from Boston's heights, and warlike ships,
Made earth to tremble under floods of death.
When safe on shore they form their martial band,
And bent on death, while music fill'd the air,
Drums, fifes and trumpets, speak their near approach.

A choice collected band of freedom's sons,
With hearts intrepid, tho' to war's grim looks
As yet unused, stand waiting their approach.
Mean while, inspirited by freedom's cause,
Their valiant General thus the host address'd :
“ Brave sons of freedom, worthy of that name,
See hostile bands thro' slavish fear advance,
Push'd on by points of glittering swords and spears,

By terror only aw'd. Not thus are ye;
 By liberty inspired, in freedom's cause,
 Your General stands on equal foot with you,
My fellow soldiers all; 'tis liberty,
 Your country, and the rights of man, which call,
 And press and urge you on to glorious deeds:
 Let not base fear your noble hearts appal,
 Let not fair freedom blush to own her sons,
 Fair liberty gives all the sweets of life,
 As thralldom puts an end to all her joys;
 The loss of liberty dread more than death:
 Our blood to spill in such a glorious cause,
 Above the stars shall raise our fame, and make
 Us free forever:—Now your courage shew,
 And play the man—*freedom and glory call*."

This said—the signal's given; drums, trumpets sound,
 The deep-mouth'd cannon's roar to volleys join'd,
 With hoarse horrific rumble fill the air,
 Spreads far and wide, with swelling horror rolls;
 The troubled air with hollow roar dashes
 The distant clouds! shock'd æther trembles!
 Shudders earth and Heav'n! convulsed all nature,
 As in pangs of death, with groans expiring,
 In dust men roll, and writhe their tortured limbs!
 While purple tides thro' many deadly wounds
 Flow rapid; gasping mortals pant for breath,
 And roll their swimming eyes till closed in death!
 O vice! destruction at thy side still walks;
 Grim horrors take the place of harbingers,
 From Adam's deadly fall to this sad hour.
 When Satan had returned from the earth,
 And publish'd his exploits to all the damn'd,
 How he had fill'd the world with sin and death,
 (As Milton in lost Paradise relates)
 Expecting loud applause, to serpents chang'd,
 Applause is turn'd to an exploding hiss,
 Presaging death to all his tow'ring hopes.
 The dreadful hiss of balls the ear assails,

An horrid whiz ; not more confounded noise
 That hiss of serpents on the lake of hell.
 How solemn all ! what anxious thoughts arise
 In different breasts ! two armies in approach,
 Determined both to die before they yield !
 See now all Boston's heights, and houses tops,
 Crouded with those whose face turns pale with fear ;
 Their friends and foes they see glitt'ring in arms,
 In clashing fury meet : O dismal sight !
 By glasses brought more near, more dreadful still !
 Where streams of blood from bleeding wounds are seen,
 Men wallowing in their gore, panting for breath,
 While hideous cracks loud roaring shock the ear.
 Flush'd with high hopes, the Britons, used to war,
 In martial order twice essay'd t' approach,
 And twice, with broken ranks, were driven back
 In dire confusion, amidst heaps of slain.
 At such repulses boil'd their blood with rage,
 Resolved to make one desperate attack,
 When to dishearten and with terror awe
 Brave freedom's sons, thy flames, O Charlestown, rise,
 And pitchy columns darken all the skies :
 The spiry flames afar the country round
 Are seen above the clouds to wind their way
 Thro' the convolving gloom, and then again
 Old ocean shudders ; the whole ætherial shakes
 With peals of thund'ring cannon.—Hearts of steel,
 Not to be moved amidst such horrors ! deaths !
 Involved in smoke, and solid columns form'd,
 More boldly they advance, and with *quick step*,
 To storm the feeble batteries of a *night*.
 O'erpower'd by numbers, freedom's sons retire,
 And Britons take possession of the *heights*,
 Erect their standards, and in triumph wave
 Their bloody banners high.—War's clarions cease ;
 The troubled air to calmness then subsides ;
 All's hush'd.—As when a whirlwind's furious blast
 Sweeps o'er the land with dismal roar, and spreads

Destruction wide, tears up the trees, the fields
 Lays waste, nor rocks its furious force withstand;
 Houses demolish'd, trees upturn, and rocks
 Together hurl'd in wild confusion thro'
 The troubled air; thick gloom the earth involves;
 Amidst the darkness pointed flashes glare,
 And convulsed æther shakes the solid earth,
 While rattling hail-stones join t' augment the roar,
 And strike a terror thro' the pavid heart.
 When spent its furious rage, a calm succeeds.

Just thus the battle ceased.—And then proceed
 To the last office of humanity.

But what inhuman shouts disturb the air!
 Amongst the slain (weep all Columbia's sons!)
 An hero brave, noble and great, is fall'n.
 WARREN, tho' dead, *thy name with honour lives,*
Nor can it die, whilst liberty remains
 To bless thy native land, for which thou bledst.
 O virtuous youth! how soon maturely grown!
 The man, the patriot, soldier, all shone bright:
 Such brighten'd talents ripen for the skies!
 For human happiness a soul possess'd
 With burning zeal and love, soon's fledged and wing'd
 To leave the ground, and soar ætherial heights.
 And *such his noble soul,* soon ripe for Heaven,
 Took wing, and mounted the empyreal skies.

Of the fraternity Grand Master he,
 And taught the brotherhood to *live in love,*
 And square their actions by the rules of right,
 With virtue bless mankind, themselves most bless'd.

In office of *humanity* engaged,
 And of the *faculty* excelling most,
 His lenient hand administer'd relief,
 Asswaged the pains of life, bid sorrow smile,
 Most happy when most happiness he gave.
 Used to relieve distresses of mankind,
 His country in distress, his feeling heart
 Urged him to senates, chief at council boards,

Then to the field with dauntless bravery
 Stood first in office, nor in danger less;
 Tho' much solicited by all who loved,
 (And all who knew could not but choose to love)
 That he'd not hazard in the doubtful field
 His precious life. But other love than *self*
 This shining patriot's bosom fill'd, his life
 He gave a rich sacrifice to freedom.

The plains of Abraham too, fatal to chiefs,
 Those sanguined fields which *oft* have drank the blood
 Of mighty chieftains, there great MONTCALM, WOLFE,
 MONTGOMERY fell, with thousand others slain;
 Bear witness to the truth of what I sing,
 That pride and baseness stain the world with gore.

Again the Goddess' pleasing voice is heard:

Peace of all blessings chiefly to be prized,
 Virtue and peace walk hand in hand on earth,
 Fair shining couple, never distant far.

Sweet peace! too delicate for vice to touch,
 Flies from the monster, nor endures her sight.

War, of all evils mostly to be shun'd;

Vice and contention are so near akin,

That is the mother, *this* the daughter stands:

When grown mature she bringeth forth *more deaths*,

Then wars and fightings must and will prevail.

O Britain, see what mischiefs from her spring

At home, abroad, on fair Columbia's shore.

The *mother* slain, her issue's then extinct;

But vice alive, a progeny will have.

Virtue alone can give the fatal blow,

To vice destruction, to contention death.

Had virtue reign'd alone, this waste of blood

And treasure had been spared, and harmony

And peace remain'd to happy both lands.

Now the reverse, Britain lies languishing

Of wounds incurable; America

Gasp'd hard for breath; oft wounded, still she lives;

Rises superior to her mighty foes;

By thee, O WASHINGTON! rescued from death,
By *thee* thro' fields of blood to glory led!

As when a lion from his den is roused
By hunger keen, he shakes his tawny sides,
Then rushes forth to seize on harmless prey,
Sends forth an hideous yell, the woods resound,
Earth trembles as if struck with thunder hoarse,
The timid herd with speedy feet make haste
To shelter from his deathful jaws; listning
Attentive, he pursues, grows warm in chace,
Seizes the hindmost, wets his chaps with gore,
And gorges flesh and blood; not one suffice,
Still he the chace renews.—The watchful shepherd,
At his approach alarm'd, fearless of danger
From this fierce foe, at once springs forth alert,
The proud, tyrannic ruler of the woods
To meet, and tempt th' unequal combat:
The great, the mighty monarch, swoln with pride,
Disdains his combatant, and stamps the ground,
Looks grim, growls, grinds his teeth horrific,
While from his eye-balls living flashes glare,
And from his op'ning jaws, all stain'd with blood,
A voice like thunder roars along the wood:
Th' undaunted shepherd, conscious of his strength,
By slow advance, prepares the fatal blow,
Aims sure, with speed and fury rushes on,
And lays the *terrible* in dust and gore.

Just thus the British lion roused himself;
From couchant, rampant stood; and roar'd for prey,
And thought in quest to range Columbia's shore,
And undisturb'd to take whate'er he pleased,
To *bind*, or *loose*, to *save*, or to *destroy*.
The lion's roar, less hideous yell, than when
The iron throat of war loud bellowing shook
The solid earth, made tremble ev'ry heart;
And swift destruction o'er the troubled land
Made dreadful strides, and threaten'd death to all,
Where fly for shelter! flying cannot save,

And who with courage bold will dare to tempt
 Th' unequal fight? 'twas then the great, the wise,
 The virtuous, magnanimously brave,
 Intrepid, noble, glorious WASHINGTON,
 Puissant chief, stept forth, greater than Cæsar,
 All glittering in arms he stood, bellipotent,
 Whose generous soul inflamed with love to man,
 His country's freedom, and tyrannic hate;
 Requesting nothing from his country, served
 As adequate to recompence his toil;
Conscious integrity his whole reward.

The foe beheld him with amazing scorn,
 And thought with grim-like looks and hideous yells
 The valiant chieftain from the field to fright:
 Undaunted stands the hero brave and bold,
 Sustains the shock, guides war's impetuous rage,
 Embattled armies at his *will* commands;
 GAGE trembles and retires; Howe shrinks and flees;
 His arms extensive reach, surround BURGOYNE;
 CORNWALLIS *bidden*, to his power submits.
 By wisdom more than might, superior force
 Repels, till the proud lion, now too late convinced,
 By cool, yet manly, oft repeated blows,
 Pierced thro' and thro', sends forth a deadly groan,
 Lets fall his crescent at the conq'ror's feet,
 Lies prostrate.—

Loud acclamations sound thro' ev'ry State;
 With gratitude let ev'ry bosom burn;
 Whilst freedom reigns on fair Columbia's shore,
 Thy name, O WASHINGTON, shall reach the skies.

Thus then the Goddess, by my influence raised
 And eternized his name, this first of men.
 My holy guidance he vouchsafed to ask,
 Nor was deny'd, tho' cloath'd in armour bright;
 His righteous aim was liberty and peace;
 The happiness he sought of human kind;
 Pure flames of love enwrapt his noble soul,
 Which led him on to great and noble deeds.

'Tis virtue makes him shine among the stars,
And brighter still when stars shall shine no more,
And as the man, so kingdoms she exalts.

Religion is the *prop* supports the world,
It is the *chain* which fastens earth to Heav'n,
The golden chain, which draws all good to man.
Of intellectual light she is the sun,
Her beams refulgent lighten the dark world:
Did she not shine, scarce with a deeper gloom
Appear'd involved those dismal caverns, where
Light never comes, but darkness reigns alone.
Whatever shines does but reflect her beams:
Darker than midnight *all*; her presence once
Withdrawn, no more to visit earth, the arts
And sciences from Heav'n, those fine and sweet
Refreshments of the noble mind, would fade,
With peace expire, and in eternal night,
Eternal horror and eternal war,
Involve mankind.—All that is excellent,
Charming and sweet, the senses gratify,
Or charm the mind, in pleasing wonder lost;
Or fills with highest ravishment and joy:
The sun's bright shining, or the earth's sweet bloom,
Would please no more. All nature be reversed,
A bedlam earth, a dismal, horrid waste
And wild, with monsters of a thousand forms,
And man the worst. All beauty would withdraw,
Deformity alone reign o'er the world,
Favonian breezes into silence hush'd.
The changing seasons, as they roll, no charms
Produce; but one eternal, dreary waste,
More sad than winter in the frozen zone,
Where darkness dreadful vies with bellowing winds,
And howling beasts in horrors to excel.

That fields eternally with human blood
Smoke not; that smiles the earth in beauteous verdure,
And spreads her brilliant beauties to the sun;
And that her bright attire shines pleasingly

Upon our ravish'd eyes, in mingled colours,
In hues more various than the shining bows
Could ever boast:—These are Religion's gifts. [bloom,

Look round the beauteous earth, when dress'd in
From the green mountain's top, to meads that smile,
And charm the eye with one unbounded blush,
When cloath'd in purple, azure, green and gold,
And all commixt, a thousand various hues
At once rush on the joyous eye, croud in,
And bloom afresh, in the enraptured mind.
On the rapt soul a fragrant sweetness breathes
In ev'ry gale, and sweeter still, from all
The melody of hills, and vales, and groves;
From lowing herds, and bleating flocks and birds,
In nature's notes a thousand different songs
Which sing, and join in perfect harmony,
To form a concert grand, which swells and glides
From mead to mead, from hill to hill, and whose
Mellifluous sweetness, symphony and joy,
Excel by far the nicest art of man;
But for Religion, *all these* joys were lost;
The eye the flowery scenes of nature would
Behold with pain, abhorrent turn away,
The sweetest sounds, harmonic numbers, *all*
Would strike with harshness on the grating ear,
Perplex the mind, and fill the heart with grief.

Could those, who once in Heaven with choral gods
Sung the creation's birth with highest notes,
But now forever bar'd those realms of joy,
Banish'd beyond Religion's shining rays,
Now hear afresh the notes which angels sing,
The pleasing songs of Heaven would please no more:
High hallelujah, tho' from seraphs tongues,
Would grate their minds with such discordant hate,
To thickest shades of darkness they would flee,
To ease their tortured minds, and gain a rest
From light's refulgent blaze.

Now, ye despisers of Religion, go
 Join with your kindred of the nether world,
 In gloomy realms, where yet Religion's light
 Ne'er deign'd to come; you hate her beauteous form,
 And there her presence need not dread; her light
 Deny'd, leaves darkness palpable enthroned
 In her pavilion, desolated realms!
 Where gleams sufficient thro' the darkness shine,
 To give full view to the drear world below,
 Of absolute destruction, without hope!

But know, my sway *this world* shall yet confess;
 Maugre the spite and malice of mankind,
 My peaceful reign to earth's remotest ends
 Shall soon extend, and gladden ev'ry heart.

Then waving high her olive branch, she said,
 The time draws nigh when peaceful banners wave
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore, and war's
 Loud clarions to silence shall be hush'd,
 And bickering nations lay aside their rage;
 No more with canine appetite shall thirst
 For blood of human kind, or long to sheath
 Their deadly weapons in each other's breasts;
 No more the horrid din of arms shall chill
 The blood; the thundering cannons cease their roar,
 The glittering sword and spear shall rust in dust,
 Or changed to ploughshares, and to pruning-hooks,
 Shall glitter on the plough, and in the hand
 Of toil; bid fields with yellow harvests wave,
 Swell hearts with joy, make plenty fill the world,
 Which lately they impov'rish'd and destroy'd.

Already the fair morn begins to dawn:
 Seldom, more seldom still, war's trumpets sound.
 See mighty nations now leagued firm in peace,
 With polish'd manners, policies increase.

It is Religion polishes the mind,
 Makes pliable and softens all the heart,
 Smooths roughest tempers, *all* to peace inclines,
 The hungry wolves with harmless lambs to dwell,

Fierce leopards to lie down with kids unharm'd,
 Young lions yoked with calves, a child to lead;
 Lions and bears, and leopards, wolves and lambs,
 She makes together walk in perfect peace.
Her light will brighten up the soul to shine,
 Dispels all darkness with her shining beams;
 Her pleasing light unites all hearts in love,
 Widens, expands, all narrow views destroys.
 See bigotry and superstition flee
 Before the liberal, the catholic mind.
 Of different nations in one body join,
 To form those learned academic bands,
 Which raise the arts that polish human life,
 And spread them round the globe, till firmly link'd
In one unbroken, golden chain, the whole.
 No more for *parts* the patriot's bosom burns,
 Tho' born in *this*, his equal care extends
 To other lands, and knows no bounds on earth;
 A *golden age* takes place, a thousand years,
 Emblem of my eternal reign in Heaven.

This said, her wings bedropt with gold she spread,
 And mounted the empyreal Heavens, which shone
 With lucid glory all around, and as
 In glory's dazzling lustre she was hid
 From mortal eyes, she said, whatever times
 Roll o'er the world, *let all my friends rejoice.*

Her charming words my soul to transport raised,
 And into raptures burst my pleasing song.
 Hail, O millennium! hail, grand jubilee!
 Now rest and peace, prosperity and joy,
 Roll round the earth, all hearts are fill'd with love;
 Zion, rejoice; lift up your heads, ye saints;
 For now *Religion reigns a thousand years.*
She reigns; exult, creation! now no more
 Obnoxious to the blighting blasts of sin.
 O earth, exult! freed from the curse of man,
 By heavenly fire refined, like Heaven itself,
 In purity and joy, fit dwelling place

For gods, who tabernacle pleased with man;
 Briers no more thy beauteous face shall scar,
 Thy blooming bosom thorns no more deface:
 The balmy fir-tree with her tow'ring head,
 The lovely myrtle with her spreading arms,
 And osiers fresh, instead of briers, grow.
 Sing, O ye mountains! join your voice, ye hills!
 Fields, clap your hands! lift up your heads, and sing,
Religion reigns!
 Deserts, rejoice, and blossom as the rose;
 No lions now with gloomy horrors fill
 Your pleasant shades, no rav'nous beast to crop
 Your blooming beauties, or to tread in dust;
 But the redeem'd and ransom'd of the Lord,
 Returning on their way to Zion, pass;
 Gladden the mountains, make the deserts ring
 With songs of everlasting joy upon
 Their heads; echo the hills, *Religion reigns!*
 Mount Zion, now the joy of all the earth,
 Lifts up her gates; her doors wide open flings,
 Calls sons from far, daughters from ends of earth,
 Says to the north give up, and to the south,
 Keep thou not back; from east and from the west
 Her sons, as clouds, press thro' her open'd gates;
 As doves to windows, fly her daughters fair;
 Within her pleasant palaces of joy.
 Lift up your heads, ye people form'd for praise;
 Fill Zion with the pleasing songs of saints:
 Ye pleasant stones, with colours fair inlaid,
 Which form her shining borders, echo back
 The joyous sound, and sing, *Religion reigns!*
 Arise and shine, for now thy light is come;
 The glory of the Lord shines bright around;
 Gentiles behold, and in thy light rejoice;
 Kings to the brightness of thy rising haste,
 Princes and potentates their sceptres bring,
 Their crowns, their laurels, and their wreaths of fame,
 And place at thy fair feet, and loud proclaim,

Thy glory's all;—thy nursing fathers kings,
 And queens thy nursing mothers, to attend,
 To bow and wash the dust from thy fair feet.
 Who bow not to thy sceptre, feel thy rod,
 And sink into confusion, hide their heads.

With colours fair thy beauteous stones are laid,
 Foundations garnish'd with the sapphire's hue;
 With pleasant stones inlaid, thy borders shine,
 And to adorn and beautify, and make
 The place of thy fair feet all glorious bright,
 See Lebanon with shining glory crown'd.
 The fir-tree, and the box, the pine and palm,
 Paying her tribute to *this joy of earth*,
 In everlasting excellence to shine.

Rejoice, ye righteous, walking in her light;
 Within her pleasant palaces of joy,
 Wall'd with salvation, fill her courts with praise;
 Raise high your notes, tuned to the songs of Heaven,
 And sing, *Religion reigns a thousand years!*
 Ye gates of praise, the dulcet harmony
 Admit to pass; swell, bound from hill to hill,
 Thro' vales and meads, o'er mountains, seas and shores,
 Till all the earth is fill'd with Zion's songs.
 Ye mountains, seas and shores, ye meads and vales,
 Return loud echoes; sing, *Religion reigns!*

Adieu to tears! weeping and sorrow cease!
 Fair pleasure grows in all the holy mount;
 No wicked hand to hurt or to destroy:
 Fresh, green and blooming fair, thy fruits mature;
 Clusters the vine, bend to the hands of men;
 No more the fig-tree casts untimely figs,
 Blossoms and golden fruit adorn each branch;
 Perpetual verdure clothes the joyous earth;
 From her full bosom man partakes full bliss.
 Trees, clap *your hands*, and sing, *Religion reigns!*

Peace like a river now flows round this globe,
 Love, temperance and justice, all concur
 To heighten and perpetuate perfect bliss:

Like Eden's garden, now the verd'rous earth
 Appears, a blooming Paradise of joy;
 Malice, revenge, envy and hatred, cease;
 Calmness and quiet, love and joy, now reign.
 Exult and sing, ye righteous, clap your hands,
 Ye holy people, from the wicked freed!
 Rejoicing in the good reciprocal;
 The happiness of all each one partakes;
 Each breast is fill'd with constant, pure delight;
 Each heart dilates with new continual joys,
 And feels a pleasure not to be express'd.
 Hail, O millennium! hail grand jubilee!
 For rest and peace, prosperity and joy,
 Fill the wide earth. Exult, rejoice and sing!
 Clap hands, all people; mountains, fields and vales,
 Echo, *Religion reigns a thousand years!*

Haste nature's wheels, and bid the period roll,
 When trumpet of grand jubilee shall sound,
 By Gabriel blown, and heard from pole to pole,
 And rest, and peace and joy, shall know no bounds.

Dream I, or do I hear the pleasing sound
 Of royal edicts, issued from all realms,
 Purporting peace and amicable league,
 Summ'ning at one grand council, from all states,
 In ev'ry quarter of the globe, to meet
 Upon the banks of Nilus' placid stream,
 Where peaceful olives wave their verdant boughs,
 And tranquil air is free from raging storms,
 There to erect a pyramid of peace,
 On the broad base of twenty thousand miles,
 Whose spiry top shall reach above the clouds?
 Ye pyramids of Egypt, hide your heads!
 Proposed by Britain's philanthropic king,
 Lately convinced no good from war proceeds:
 Or shall a female this high praise obtain?
 On Russia's throne, the glory of her sex,
 Now sits and shines the second CATHARINE,
 Whose breast with more than manly pity swells!

This great, this politic, pacific queen,
No bounds will place to plans of gen'ral good.
From her dominions cruel torture spurns,
A code of laws for happiness she frames,
Laws worthy to be writ on leaves of gold;
Her mediation calms contending powers,
And half the warring world inclines to peace;
An arm'd neutrality for peace, in war,
The noble Empress with success promotes.
Next universal peace will she propose,
And all the powers on earth at once agree
To put an end to war's destructive rage,
And bid philanthropy and peace prevail.
Behold the amicable Congress met,
Of all the different nations of the world,
Jews, Christians, Pagans, and Mahometans,
In friendliest consultation how to form
This pyramid of glory, and to bind
All nations in a golden chain of peace.

Now hear the grand unanimous result:
By the whole world's constituents 'tis agreed,
On January first, —
In ev'ry state and kingdom thro' the world,
With trumpet's pleasing sound let be proclaim'd,
War cease forever, peace and friendship reign!
An umpire now is form'd, perpetual lives,
To compromise all differences in realms,
And moves with peaceful banners round the earth.
With snow-white pendants ev'ry ship be graced.

Hark! hear the shouts of joy loud echoing round,
From kingdoms, states and realms; how æther rings!
The joyous sound vibrates the air, ascends
The skies, and choral gods descend to hear,
And join their shouts of joy: Heaven says, Amen.

S O L I L O Q U Y

O F

A N I N F I D E L.

B O O K IV.

*What art thou made of, rather how unmade,
Great nature's master? Appetite destroy'd,
Is endless life and happiness despised:
Or both wish'd here, where neither can be found.*

YOUNG.

THE ARGUMENT.

An infidel, after a debauch, awakes with a resolution to pursue nothing but the pleasures of the world. His thoughts painted in words. At the appearance of Religion, and at her reproof, he expires. What indulgence Religion allows.



S O L I L O Q U Y

OF

AN I N F I D E L.

B O O K IV.

THE night is gone, the rosy morn appears,
And opening brings me to myself again.
From stupefaction, from the fumes of wine,
I start, with reason half awake, emerged
As from a sea of thoughts tumultuous:
Wherefore wake? to run the round of pleasure,
Live high, taste life, for pleasure's my pursuit;
To live a life of *ease* and *merriment*,
Jocund and jovial in the joys of sense;
I want no more; away all thoughts of God,
Heaven, bliss and glory, in another state:
I hate reversions, present's all my wish,
The world's my happiness; take then thine *ease*,
My soul, eat, drink, be merry, unconcern'd
For future; seek them not, tho' Heav'n's the prize,
Eternal life in Heav'n! a mere chimera!
Fond fancy of the brain of senseless men:
No life, but life *on earth*; the present's mine.
The future none can tell, or *how* or *where*,
In Heaven or hell, so the bold preachers teach:
'Tis naught to me; priestcraft's invention all,
And robs me of life's pleasures, if believed;
Believe who will, and mortify the body.
For fields elysian, in æther's realms, perhaps,
My resolution firm abides, and shall,
Desires of flesh forever to fulfil,

M

And gratify my sensual appetites;
 To give loose reins to my impetuous lusts,
 Full scope to all my passions and desires,
 Pursue life's pleasures in perpetual round,
 In spite of God, or man, or Heaven, or hell.

Big resolution! this makes men of spirit!
 Noble and great's the soul with courage bold,
 That dares defy its God, his laws despise,
 Contemn his just authority, and break
 Jehovah's great commands, his counsels scorn.
 Puny and mean's the soul that bows to God,
 That fears his *wrath*, or *trembles* at his *rod*;
 That seeks his favour, importunes his smiles,
 Obeys his precepts, and expects his love.
 Not such a fool am I, aversion *all*
 To God and goodness, holiness, and hope
 Of bliss and glory in an unknown world.
 Forego life's pleasures for uncertain joys!
 Leave *certain* for *precarious*! how unlike
 To reason's maxim, to which I'll adhere,
 A bird in *band* prefer to two in bush.

Hard and austere *that master* and his *laws*,
 Which bind to holiness; pleasures of sin
 Forbid, on pain of everlasting death:
 I'll burst his *bands* asunder, break his *cords*,
 Despise his threat'nings, disregard his frowns;
 Who's the Almighty, that I him should serve?
 Or if I pray to him, what profit then?
 I know of none: therefore from me depart,
Almighty God depart, and I from thee;
 The knowledge of thy ways *not my desire*;
 No ways I'll know, or walk in, but the ways
 Which my *heart chooses*, and mine *eyes do please*.
 Resolved in pleasure all my days to spend,
 My *fancy* follow, cheer my soul with *mirth*,
 The feasts of Ancetis and bachanals
 Delight me more than all the ways of God.
 For God and all his works alike displease;

Himself, his works and ways, to me the same;

All hateful, yea, Religion I despise,

And all her votaries, those simple fools,

*That look for happiness above *this* world.*

Come then, my heart, on sensual pleasures bent,

Look earth around, see all things she contains,

And seize on ev'ry pleasure as thine own:

Wake all thy passions, gratify thy lusts;

No pains or trouble spare; rise up, and run

To catch the golden prizes as they pass,

Wealth, honour, pleasure, all that earth affords.

Thus then in joyal merriment I'll live,

Nor suffer aught to interrupt my joy:

Now glide ye streams of pleasure, roses bloom,

Sparkle ye glasses, and ye fair ones smile,

Graces attend, soft music sooth mine ear.

But hark! it thunders, trembles earth around,

The forked lightnings glare, the clouds in flames,

And threaten present death to all my schemes,

My hopes and joys! but wherefore fear? away

All dread of death! it ill becomes the man

Resolved on pleasure, God or death to fear;

This takes the sweet of comfort from the joys

Of earth, embitters ev'ry pleasure *here*.

Why fear, or dread futurity? since naught's

Beyond the grave, and fears of death kill all

Life's comforts;—then depart, ye direful furies;

Leave me in full possession of my joys:

I will be merry, cheer my heart with mirth,

And naught *but death* shall stop my gay career;

Nor think of *him* until he strikes the blow.

But what avails! my soul is haunted still;

The flash of conscience is a fire within,

That blazes and disturbs, I cannot quell,

Its whispers oft are *thunder* to my soul,

In spite of *all my efforts* make me fear.

Oh! what if wrath divine should seize the wretch,

Who durst despise his God, his counsels scorn?

My merry bouts *must* end in sad despair;
 Such direful thoughts *again* I bid depart,
Resolved in jovial merriment to live,
 Tho' *conscience* thunder with the voice of God.

While ruminating thus, the Goddess sat
Veil'd in a mist; her eyes with lightning blazed,
 Burst the involving cloud, and *thus* severe:

“ Is this the language of a man awake,
 “ Awake to *reason*! nay to madness rather!
 “ Bold impious wretch, with brazen front erect,
 “ Now *bear*, and *tremble*, for thy doom is come;
 “ Conscience, the *thunderer* in ev'ry breast,
 “ Will make the *guilty* tremble at himself,
 “ And light of *truth* will *burn* thy hopes to death.
 “ Low, mean, contracted thoughts of *that great God*,
 “ Whose thunder rends the skies, whose wrath inflamed,
 “ More fierce than lightning, rocks and mountains melts,
 “ Make daring mortals tempt the wrath divine,
 “ And, Typhoeus-like, insult that God supreme,
 “ Whose way is in the *whirlwind* and the *storm*;
 “ Who, if in wrath he thunder out of Heaven,
 “ His lightning strikes his enemies to death.
 “ Know then, in vain you'll call on mountains high,
 “ And on the rocks, to fall and hide your head.
 “ When thunder-bolts of flaming wrath descend,
 “ To sink you in the dreadful deep profound!
 “ Hast thou, *bold impious wretch*, an arm like God!
 “ Or canst *thou* thunder with a voice like *his*!
 “ Tho' high on proud presumptuous wings you soar,
 “ Firm in thy purpose *pleasure* to pursue,
 “ Regardless both of God and man push on,
 “ An arduous enterprize! vain thy attempt,
 “ To *cool* the burning *fever* of thy breast,
 “ Or live in *pleasure*, while you live in *sin*;
 “ For frequent disappointments breed despair;
 “ And wrath incensed *puts on* the lightning's blaze,
 “ To *blast* thy *body*, and thy *soul* destroy.”

She spake, then hurl'd the lightning's forked blaze:

Starting he *trembled*, groan'd, turn'd pale, expired;
Thus end the *loved*, the *pleasing* ways of sin.

See then the glass, design'd to shew the face
 And heart of an apostate infidel.

Who views *himself* therein must blush for shame,
 If not all shame beyond; beyond all thought,
 That makes man, *man*; brutes only cannot blush.

Bewitching Circe's* pow'rful charms, whose wand
 Apply'd, turn'd men to brutes, and held them fast,
 As poets feign'd, too fast to disengage,
 Are nothing more than domineering lusts,
 And seeking pleasures in what beasts delight.
 O what can stronger bind, or more bewitch,
 Than sensual pleasures? this the Goddess, sure,
 Whose all-bewitching wand spread o'er the heart,
 Turns rationals to brutes: the filthy swine
 Lie wallowing in the dirt, and love the mire.
 Here cease th' unpleasing theme, a theme that fills
 With horror human hearts; such thoughts as these
 Sink lofty rationals beneath the brute,
 Enough to shock e'en infidels themselves!
 The least said *here*, too *much*—haste then
 From this *enchanted ground*, to give thy soul
 Full wing to fly at infinite, and leave
 These grov'ling *swine* to *wallow* in the mire.

She ceased: a while I paused; then thus began:
 Poor wretch! how vile, beyond description vile!
 He burst *all bounds*, rush'd on destruction's point,
False pleasure led him in the way to death.
 But is there no indulgence to be given?
 Brisk, lively fancy in the youthful mind
 Sportive will play; imagination warm
 Lively ideas in th' impassion'd heart
 Will raise, strongly excite to harmless sport;

* Bewitching Circe, &c. feigned by the poets and mythologists to be a sorceress, and by her enchantments to turn men into swine, to represent in the strongest expression the beastiality of intemperance and barbarity, or defects as to sobriety and complaisance.

The mind, as yet to nobler thoughts unused,
 Gay scenes in prospect rise, pleasing far as
 The infant soul can stretch her downy wings,
 And soar in flight;—must these at once be cropt?
 To which the Goddess fair made this reply:

Religion *never need* to be despised.
 T' enjoy all pleasures *reason will permit*,
 Ev'n all that earth affords is her's to give;
 For goodness infinite, love without bounds,
 Renew'd the face of earth, which sin impair'd,
 And gave to man to repossess her joys:
 Joyful in God, with *these* sweet earnest *then*
 Of everlasting joys near his high throne,
 Whose word prolific gives to nature births:
 Hence delicacies sweet to every sense:
 How great his goodness! *all* for man to taste.
 Earth thus a second time is given to man,
 And *all* her charming pleasures now *his own*;
 Receive, enjoy with thankful hearts *the whole*.
 But let *all* lead to *him* from whence *all* flows,
 Her pleasures then will lead to joys on high.
 Religion seeks the happiness of man,
 Body and soul prepares to taste life's sweets,
 Then roll forever in the fount of bliss.
 How much has the Creator done on earth,
 To charm the *eye*, to gratify the *taste*,
 To please the *ear*, and *fill* the *soul* with joys!
 How shines creation in this pleasing view!
Then smiles *for man* the beauteous earth, *when dress'd*
 In verd'rous bloom, laden with richest fruits;
 Her various products thy rapt soul may view,
 Enjoy to fulness, all thy senses feast.
 Hills, mountains high, how tipt with green and gold,
 While meads and vales and flow'ry lawns between!
 Trees bending their high tops obeisance pay,
 And bid *all* bow to *him* whose hand hath form'd
 The earth, planted the mountains, fix'd the hills,
 Groves, forests rear'd, and spread the dewy lawns,

And gives meand'ring streams to wind their way
 Thro' meads that smile, in nature's verdure cloath'd.
 How various, how delightful to behold!
 What beauteous prospects *these* to *charm the eye*!
 What rich *perfumes* from *these* the balmy air,
 On her soft wings, with ev'ry gentle gale,
 Wafts to and fro, to give to *all* a taste
 Of nature's sweets! Heaven's bounteous gift is this:
 Nor less, when hills and groves, lawns, meads and vales,
 Conspire in nature's *notes* with melody
 Symphonic numbers form, which wave the air,
 Soft, soothing, grateful to the ravish'd *ear*.
 A thousand songsters, in the groves conceal'd,
 Warble their notes, woods seem alive themselves;
 And vocal every mead, with low of kine,
 And hills and dales the same, with bleat of sheep,
 To the rapt *ear* what joy! how well instruct
 The soul to hymn her great Creator's praise,
 The bounteous founder of such rich repasts!
 Nor less regaled the *taste* from all that grows
 Of food for man, down from the stalled calves,
 And fatten'd lambs, and fruits of every kind,
 To the small berries creeping thro' the grass?
 From golden orange, nectarines and plumbs,
 Apples and pears, with downy peach and pine,
 Apples collecting richest tastes in *one*;
 From oily nuts of hazel, but-nut, wall,
 Which glad the heart, and turn to pleasantness
 The tedious moments of long winter eves.
 What pleasure each revolving season brings,
 And joys still heighten'd by continual change.
 Winter's stern cold, which strips the earth of bloom,
 And sends the mistresses of the grove far south,
 When spent its rage, gives spring the greater charms.
 Reviving nature, with return of birds,
 To fill the air with sweetest avine notes,
 And blooming face of earth gives smiles to man.
 Maturing thro' the summer's heat those fruits

Which load the autumn, pour his bosom full,
 Rejoice his heart thro' winter's tedious cold.
 With *potables* of relish no less sweet,
 T' allay thy thirst, not to inebriate;
 The Author of all good prepares for man;
 And loads the earth with all those juicy fruits,
 Which well concocted, mixt, and fit for use,
 With lively colours, sparkle in the glass,
 Exhilarate the spirits, warm the heart.
 Pears, apples, berries, rich variety
 Afford to please, refresh, and joy infuse.
 The blood of grapes, that rich and noble juice!
 Sweet cordial to revive the drooping soul,
 And with hilarity the heart inspires,
 In man, not only active mirth excites,
 But cheers the gods:—
 Partake the joy, nor let these sweets be lost,
 Which in such plenty stream from fountain head,
 Design'd to lead you to repose in *bim*,
 As in an ocean of delight to dwell,
 As rivers rest in bosom of the sea.
 How joys thy soul 'midst such profuse delight,
 From the first fountain of eternal good!
 What streams that flow! turn where you will, you meet
 The Deity, and his rich goodness taste;
 From earth, from seas, from Heaven rich nectar flows,
 In streams as numerous as the drops of dew,
 And constant as the fleeting moments pass.
 In *pastimes* too, the *same* indulgence grants;
 For the all-bounteous Parent of this world
 Not only gives the vivifying sun,
 And gentle showers, that earth with plenty teem,
 To saturate and cheer man's heart with joy;
 But fills the air and seas, and brooks and ponds,
 With wing'd and finny food, of *all* the best,
 That he might find a pastime to collect
 From air and water most delicious fare.
 Pleasure with profit vies, and exercise

Gives health ; to fowl and fish what pleasures mix !
 When to the wood, or thro' the flow'ry lawn,
 Or o'er the pebbled beach, with hasty foot,
 And mind intent on game, he takes his piece ;
 When the wild fowl in circling eddies play,
 And wheel about with phalanx broad in air,
 Eyes them askance, tempted by near approach
 His piece to level, sends the deathful lead,
 All scatt'ring wide amongst the thoughtless flock,
 With deadly wounds, and feeble, faithless wings,
 Come flutt'ring headlong down the feather'd race ;
 Their shining plumage marr'd with dust and gore.
 Nor less the joy to take the finny tribe,
 With barbed hook, or the more fatal seine.
 See the rough sailors joyous with their net,
 Dragging enclosed a thousand helpless fish,
 Which rage and flounce, in wild disorder scared,
 Attempt in vain to break the twisted cord,
 Or push it back into the deep again ;
 Men, resolute each other to assist,
 Drag to the shore, and toss upon the bank
 Their unresisting prey, now hopeless grown ;
 With agonies they wring, and flap their tails,
 Sad token of their absolute distress !
 And pain'd with air, gasping for breath expire.
 Man feels a *luxury* from thousands slain.
 Be sparing of those sports, that life destroy,
 When life is all the pleasure they enjoy.
 Shall rationals, who life so highly prize,
 Delight in the extinction of all life,
 And call it sport and pleasure ?
 Who can reflect on the last pangs of those
 Poor innocents ! no harm can do, or mean,
 And not feel horror rise within his mind ?
 But softly strike this fine and tender string ;
 What *Heaven* has given to man, *his right to take*,
 The earth and all that's in it for his use,
 For profit, pleasure, *not to sport with death*.

But endless to recount the pleasing *views*,
 The grateful *songs*, and fruits pleasant to *taste*,
 With all earth's stores profusely spread abroad,
 Which strike the sense in such variety,
 No tongue can utter, no mind comprehend,
 But his, with plenty who his table spreads.
 His goodness, like his works, is infinite,
 Indulges *all* sufficiency, *enough*;
Indulged to an excess, destroys the whole.
 If still indulgence more than *this* is sought,
 All social happiness she freely grants,
Promotes all friendships, blends in bonds of love,
 Makes lovely and beloved, adds charms to charms,
 Makes fairer still the fairest, sweets bestows
 On friendships heighten'd by the social tie
 Of love parental, filial, conjugal:
Here pleasures she confers mixt and sublimed;
 Uniting hearts and flesh, makes one of two;
 Which joys excites unknown to lawless lust.
 O she, the *fairest* call'd of human race!
 Last work of the Supreme, *should be the best*,
 And made for man, his solace in distress:
 Man of the earth was form'd, but thou of him,
 Doubly refined, *so* delicately sweet,
 The fragrant fields and roses rich perfume,
 When breath of morn their sweets waft o'er the mead,
 Fail yet in sweetness to the *fair* in bloom.
 All beauties of creation lose their hues;
 The glitt'ring gems on dewy grass turn pale,
 When mountain nymphs with sparkling eyes, and cheeks
 More fresh than roses, of vermillion glow,
 Press on the ravish'd eye, such beauteous forms
 In virtue should excel, and then the mind
 With grace would shine *more bright*, excelling far
 All other works of God, pre-eminent,
 And honour'd as befits by rougher man:
 Tho' weaker vessel call'd, such mighty charms
 Gain high ascendant o'er the stronger *feign'd*,

And lay his boasted wisdom low in dust;
 Beauty in bloom, *stronger than Sampson is!*
 O'ercomes the *wisdom of a Solomon!*
 And tames the *fury of a Peter's mind!*
 Such mighty pow'r, so delicately fine!
 Needs temper'ment of grace to keep from harm;
 Without *it*, what destructive havoc's made,
 By glancing eyes, and glowing cheeks, and words
 Of downy softness, honey'd, female, fine;
 When *practis'd* by the *fair*, Kings *leave their thrones*;
 And mightiest conquerors *bow*, and *stand and wait*.
 Advantage gain'd more than equivalent;
 For *nominal* subjection; *real none*.
 Chaste wedlock then makes equal happiness.
 "What if, since daring on so *fine* a theme,"
 I shew what honour, what respect and love,
 To female delicacy's due from man?
 If new the song, indulgence more is ask'd.
 The great, the noble, generous, manly soul,
 Will rise with indignation 'gainst the base,
 Who treat the blooming race with disrespect.
 No greater evidence of little minds,
 Than domineering with superior strength
 Over the harmless, inoffensive fair:
 Who thus pretend *their greater power* to shew,
 Their little meanness make conspicuous shine.
 Superior greatness to advantage shines,
 By making bless'd with succour timely given.
 To sense and manhood some are so averse,
 That neither charms nor beauty can impress
 With tenderness their hearts, obdurate grown;
 Too hard and rough a polish to admit:
 Hence brutal rage, and lust, and fell revenge,
 Like harpies in a flock, light on the fair,
 Despoil their beauty, rob them of their sweets,
 Mar their fine features, then forsake in scorn.
 While *this right hand* with force can wield the pen,
 Those adamant, most unfeeling hearts,

Those hearts of stone, which batter points of swords,
The pen with keener edge shall pierce and pain.
The beauteous part of the creation's doom'd
To feel a *weight* of woes unknown to man;
Shut out from public life, in doors confined,
Deprived of many amusements that give joy
To life, which animate the soul, and health
Maintain, which men alone freely partake,
Weak and defenceless, look to man for aid;
Lean on his arm, and ask his kind support:
'Tis part of manhood to assist, relieve,
And render their hard lot the less severe.
No man of sensibility, or sense
Refined, will exercise superior power,
But to assuage their grief, and render life
More sweet, and make their weighty sorrows smile;
To honour them religion strict enjoins;
Tho' in subjection placed, temper'd more fine,
And therefore weak, not valuable the less;
The finest china no man estimates
At cheaper rate than earthen; finest's best.
Shall best and finest part of all God's works,
From whom all men have being, not be loved,
Not honour'd and respected! shame to man!
Unworthy of the name, who first seduce,
Then leave alone to bear a freight of woes;
Or with base insults heighten their distress.
Man of all creatures cruelly severe,
His roughen'd temper needs a polishment:
'Tis female softness smooths his rugged brow;
This the sweet cement of society.
All social happiness would fly from earth,
Men wild would range the woods, and live in dens;
Rude and uncouth, and sullen and morose,
In mutual rage and deadly conflict meet,
But for the silken tie of mutual love
Between both sexes; reciprocally bless'd,

When love, and honour, and respect, as meet,
Is given and return'd, sweet interchange!

If more than *all* is wish'd, she'll still indulge
Whatever tends to humanize mankind,
Softens the manners, mollify the heart,
Passions direct, restrain and govern well;
What tends to grace the mind, give body charms,
And happy mankind, my reign befriends.
In harmless sport fair youth sometimes engage,
Indulgent Heav'n permits, by innocent
Diversions, to unbend the mind, to give
A greater force, for actions greater still:
And time matures for nobler thoughts and deeds.
By exercise the body is inured,
And some diversions brighten up the soul,
Exhilarate the mind, and fit for use:
The *lute's* soft airs breath softness thro' the soul,
Sweet melody attunes the heart to praise.

A *graceful movement* gives the body charms,
An *easy motion* regular and fine,
With decent modesty improves the mind.
When 'midst a seem'd confusion intervolv'd,
From mazes intricate, at once unwind,
The graces in their charming forms appear,
Then order, harmony and love's display'd;
A chearful joy in every face is seen,
Brisk spirits move attuned; *the mind is taught*
To love a movement *regular and fine*,
Which gives a polish, makes the soul to shine.

The pencil dipt in various hues, to paint
Great nature's works, affords a sweet repast.
The mind with pleasing views of God is fill'd,
His beauteous works more beautiful appear,
Which captivate the heart the more they're view'd,
And imitation gives more perfect charms.
On fancy's wings ascend th' Aonian mount,
And let thy pencil sketch the landscape wide;
Paint the Castalian fount, rising from foot,

Meand'ring thence thro' many a flow'ry mead,
 Blooming with violet and jessamin,
 On *this* side paint a row of lofty elms,
 Waving with negligence their branching arms;
 On *that* let rows of spruce and ever-greens
 Extend thro' country villages and towns,
 With birds of every kind perch'd on their boughs.
 Paint cities then extending on the banks,
 Whose thousand glit'ring spires dazzle the morn;
 And on the placid waves make boats descend
 With streamers gay, and with their silken sails,
 Swell'd with Favonian breeze, the breath of eve.
 Fields next with growing harvests paint,
 And verdant pastures, fill'd with flocks and herds:
 And far beyond, a rising wood of pine,
 And cedar, ash and maple, oak and fir,
 With shade o'er shade, as in a theatre,
 Till topmost boughs are lost among the clouds.
 A lively green to southward make appear,
 Sloping far distant to the ocean broad,
 Where lofty ships ride on the foaming main,
 Far to the north, over a valley huge,
 Let the sight end abrupt, 'midst rocks and trees:
 Paint nature here dress'd in her negliges,
 A sylvan scene, with virgin tresses crown'd;
 Nor let luxuriant fancy go behind
 Luxuriant nature in her wild disports
 To westward then a winding path, with trees
 Of goodliest shade, and bowers by nature form'd,
 From whence a gliding stream may be discern'd,
 Now roaring down a horrid crag, and then
 With gentle murmurs wind along the glade.
 Paint sweet brier hedges to perfume the air,
 With pinks and roses strew the eglantine,
 And crown it with the lily's graceful head.
 Above let golden orange, nectarine,
 With cherry, plumb and peach, apple and pear,
 Bend branches low, tempting the hand to pluck.

Along the ground let all the charming race
Of berries creep;—and then this motto place:

“ Fair works of nature are the works of God,

“ And God in all his beauteous works is seen.”

In all diversions innocence must lead,

Seasons and due degrees with care observed.

Those plays which wreck and torture finest minds,

Those harmful games which daily ruin fortunes,

Take away the peace, destroy the quiet,

And the soul undo, turn from, avoid and shun;

Avoid and turn away from such vain youth,

As disrespect their God, blaspheme his name,

And all Religion scorn; dare not to walk

In such ungodly ways, lest you *his end*,

His awful end, should share*. Indulge no lusts,

The pleasures of the world hold in contempt,

When they would lead you from the paths of peace,

Indulgence then is fatal to the soul.

This truth in characters indelibly engrave,

“ No pleasure in the ways of *sin* is found;

“ All other ways are open to *delight* ||.”

* The end of the infidel before mentioned.

|| The great Parent of the universe, by producing such a variety of creatures for the use of man, on earth, in air and waters, and by variegating the face of the earth with hills, vales, plains, rivers, ponds, woods, &c. and by clothing hills and meads with verdurous bloom, intermixing flowers and fruits of infinite variety, seems to employ his wisdom for the gratification of all our senses. And to view all these, by the light of Religion, as the productions of the author of our beings, cannot fail to excite the most pleasing ideas of the eternal God, and fill the mind with love and gratitude.—And the contemplative mind will not only be filled with the most pleasing, but elevated conceptions of this most beneficent of all beings, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime and good.—And the contemplation of these beauties will lead the mind to the more great and noble things that he hath prepared for the satisfaction, comfort and eternal felicity, of our better part.—If so much is done for the pleasure of the animal nature, how much more may we rationally conclude that this all-wise and beneficent Being will do for that spiritual and immortal part he has given us?—With these considerations I trust none will be displeased, or think that the main design has not been attended to, when I have so frequently introduced

the charming scenes of nature, together with the melody of hills, groves and vales, which should teach all rational beings to join the general chorus, and hymn the Creator's praise. For among the Beauties of Religion this is not the least, that it teaches us how to improve the world, and all things in it, to the glory of God, and leads us as it were by the hand through his beauteous works of creation, up to him who is the perfection of beauty and excellency.

S O L I L O Q U Y

O F A

B E L I E V E R.

B O O K V.

*Religion ! - Providence ! an after state ;
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
His hand the good man fastens on the 'skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.*

YOUNG.



THE A R G U M E N T.

A believer retired from the world, and having free intercourse with Heaven. The pleasure he takes in contemplating God and divine things. The appearance of Religion, and her address, shewing where true happiness is to be found; and setting forth the pleasures of virtuous actions, placing them in contrast with vicious ones. Also the satisfaction to be enjoyed in public worship, and ordinance of the Lord's supper. Concludes with a panegyric on Religion, and a serious address to youth.

S O L I L O Q U Y

O F A

B E L I E V E R.

B O O K V.

AS when a traveller, wand'ring far from home,
All the long night, thro' mazes intricate,
Lost and bewilder'd in the lonesome dark,
At intervals sees gleams peep thro' the gloom,
His hopes encouraged, makes more earnest speed,
Expecting light, and hospitable fare,
From pitying hand; his expectation baulk'd,
By false and glimm'ring light, quite spiritless
And wearied, sits him down,
With longing wishes waits th' approaching dawn;
With the first beam of day joy fills his heart,
Spirits revive: O pleasing light! how sweet!
Which leads me out of darkness into day,
From mazes fill'd with pricking briars and thorns,
In easy paths, to my delightful home:
Exulting now, with joy he speeds his way,
Nor cares to slack his pace till safe arrived.

Just thus the soul, wand'ring on earth for good,
Lost and bewilder'd in a doubtful maze,
Strays far from home, in darkness walks, and oft
Deceiv'd by fancy'd light, and rich repasts,
On near approach her expectations fail;
Discouraged when, to ruminate begins.
Then soon a ray divine beams bright around,
Illumed, she sees the way to light and life

Lies far above the common road of men ;
She presses forward for the glorious prize
With joy unspeakable, nor thinks to stop,
Till reach'd her highest wishes in the Heavens ;
And thus rejoicing speeds her glorious way.
With such a joy was once my soul inwapt.

'Twas when the still and solitary night
Had spread her sable curtains round the earth,
Inclosing all within her dark domain,
And hush'd to silence ev'ry ruder noise,
Only the purling rill moved gently down,
And the soft zephyrs murmur'd thro' the air,
Inviting general slumber and repose :
My soul, calm and sedate, aloft on wings
Of contemplation soar'd above the stars,
And fix'd herself near him who sits enthroned
In light ineffable ; then casting round
A pleasing look on the bright realms above,
Those glorious mansions of eternal joy,
With utmost satisfaction and delight,
Beheld the shining throng in glory clad,
And crown'd with an immortal life in Heaven,
With palms of brightest lustre in their hands,
True ensigns of the victor's conquer'd foe,
Walking the golden, crystal streets of Heaven,
With diadems of beauty on their heads,
Paying their homage to th' eternal King,
In sweetest harmony of heavenly tongues !
The spacious dome of the divine abodes
Rang with the hallelujahs of the blest'd ;
Of angels and archangels intermixt,
With cherubim and seraphim, and all
The spirits of the just made perfect there ;
Whose sweet melodious voices all unite
In sweetest concert, *perfect* harmony,
Which fill'd the wide, extended, happy realms,
With one perpetual symphony and joy,
Unceasing praise. —

With rapturous delight my soul was fill'd ;
And utter'd forth her joys in words like *these* :

O thou, first, fairest, greatest and the best,
Centre of goodness, and eternal bliss,
Sole object of the highest love, and the
Most pure delight, of all the bless'd above,
Vouchsafe *one* smiling look ; *one* ray divine,
Into my soul infused, shall more replete
With joy my ravish'd heart, supremely bless'd,
Than glories, honours, pleasures of the world,
Tho' all mine own, without competitor.

Far from my thoughts, ye sublunary things,
Nor with your empty shadows now intrude,
To interrupt my contemplation sweet ;
My soul is fixed to contemplate the great,
The glorious God, who sits enthroned in Heaven,
Who's past conception glorious and high.
Aid me, ye seraphs, who burn round his throne,
Give life and warmth to animate my song ;
Or if with borrow'd light ye shine, tho' full
Too scanty to impart, I'll higher still,
To the pure fountain of eternal day,
For light and heat due ardour to express :
I ask not Cynthia's or Apollo's aid,
Urania's not, Camæna's, all the *nine*,
Of fancy's eye the unsubstantial forms,
Too little and too mean for such a song.

Fountain of light and heat ! impart ; one spark
Shall fill my soul, and set it all on fire,
To blaze and flame forever in thy praise :
I need no more. Him I'll adore and love,
And praise, and lose myself in him who's love
Itself, an ocean of delight, without
A shore : his justice I'll adore, extol
His righteousness, his praises sing, in life,
In *death* ; one age, a moment *here* ; ages
Unnumber'd in that blissful state, *where*
God is all in all, and seen without a veil ;

And in his sweet embrace, and in his smiles,
Rejoice forever, sing, exult and praise.
This pleasing thought indulged is Heaven on earth.

My soul high mounted on the wings of love,
In contemplation's car, above the skies,
Amidst such shining glories, what is earth!
A taper; less, 'tis vanity and dust.
Let others joy in earth, as joy they can,
A momentary satisfaction feel
In lands and gold, in honour, fame and pelf;
I'll envy not their greatness, wealth or pow'r;
More great, more glorious, and more happy I,
In the enjoyment of my God and King,
And pleasing hopes of an immortal life;
More did I say? add *infinite*, and yet
Fall *short*.——

O thou enthroned in glory's brightest realms!
Not there confined, existence infinite,
Filler of space immense, existent far
Beyond the thought of highest cherubim,
Former of light and darkness, Heaven and earth,
Angels and men, Maker omnipotent!
Who sits enthroned in dazzling brightness *bid*!
Beholding worlds like atoms dance around,
Above, beneath, in such profusion vast,
No mind, but his who made, can comprehend:
Who thinks to comprehend th' eternal mind,
His ignorance betrays; knows not himself.
G O D is a Being infinite, beyond
The finite pow'r of comprehension scant;
Perfections without number, without bound,
His being, make, incomprehensible;
Whose centre and whose circle all the same;
Call him centre of being or immense,
To these, ideas fix'd, we *wrong* him still;
Thoughts limited, leave infinite behind.
If either to his being, or perfections
Bounds are placed, he's robb'd of half his glory:

Perhaps a thousand attributes and more,
 Perfections without end, unknown to man,
 'To angels unreveal'd perhaps as yet,
 In Godhead are diffused, bursting to light
 In periods fix'd by Heaven; new glories shine,
 And fill the ravish'd minds of all the bless'd
 With pleasing, new and ever fresh delight.
 What *new songs* warbled from celestial tongues,
 When mercy first beam'd forth with lustre full,
 And pointed *all her beams on fallen man!*

To this first, greatest, best, I bend the knee;
 Nor think it stooping, when I prostrate lie
 Before the footstool of the *Infinite*.

Access to the Supreme, indulged to man,
 Is honour great; a liberty, which angels
 Can't too highly prize, to hold high converse
 With the glorious King of men and angels!
 Prayer graces all the soul, and makes her shine.
 And when I bow,——

From thy high throne in glory's realms look down;
 Look down thro' him who's equally enthroned,
 Who bow'd the highest Heavens, and came down,
 (Wonder ye angels! stand amazed ye thrones!)
Came down, the highest from his bless'd abodes,
 Whose lofty throne leaves cherubim below,
 And seraphim; from his immensity
Came down, low down, to this inferior world,
 To earth, to death, *came down*, and made his grave
 Within an hollow tomb; then burst its bands,
 Arose, ascended, reenthroned himself
 At the right hand of Majesty divine;
 God-man, kind intercessor for mankind,
 The Mediator, victim, light and life,
 The *all* of man. Thro' him who bled look down
 On a poor worm in *dust*, ah! meaner still,
 A worm in *guilt* more vile than vilest grown;
 Prone to *forgive*, *forgive*; O God, *forgive*;
 Prone to *show* mercy, *mercy show*; and raise

Me from this depth of guilt, this miry filth;
 O wash me in that fount divine, *that blood*
 Of God, which cleanseth foulest souls, and makes
 The black, the guilty, whiter than the snow,
 Pure as the innocent, and fit to hold
 High converse, sweet communion, with their God.
 The pleasing thought is rapture to my soul!
 I stand with joy delightfully amazed!
 Lost amidst goodness infinite, profuse!
Here may I wander, rove in fresh delight,
 But never, *never* let me stray from thee,
 Who gives my soul to taste so high a bliss.
 Here rests my soul with ardour all on fire,
 His goodness infinite to celebrate,
 And raise the highest notes of praise to him,
 Who hath redeem'd my soul from deepest guilt!
 Here will I dwell forever, raise my songs,
 Forever new, to Heaven's eternal King,
 Who laid earth's deep foundations, built the skies,
 And worlds unnumber'd into being brought:
 Replete with hosts angelic, myriads
 Of myriads both of high and low, diverse
 And num'rous as the spangles of the sky,
 And more than all (I speak with rapture fill'd)
 Who hath redeem'd my soul from deepest death,
 And given it hope of highest life in Heaven!
Redeem'd my soul? redeem'd a world! and raised
 The pleasing, glorious hope of endless life
 In Adam's fallen race: O joyful hope!
 Far more delightful than ambrosial sweets.

A dying God I see! whose bitter death's
 The wond'rous purchase of their life; and blood
 Of Heaven is freely spilt, and given the price
 Of ransom for the *damn'd*, justly condemn'd;
 With devils in revolt, rebellion join'd
 Against sole Potentate, great King of Heaven;
 Thro' the Redeemer's blood, *such* are forgiven!
Forgiven? more, restored to favour; *more still,*

To *favour* and to *love* of the Supreme.
 The double blessing more than fills my soul;
 It overwhelms, makes ocean all around;
 On either hand, above, below, I see,
 I *feel*, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth,
 Of love divine; the shoreless ocean rolls
 All limits far beyond; this moment feel
 What words are wanting to express, *that love*,
That favour of a God, which turns his *foes*
 To friends, and gives the wretched hope, *high hope*
 Of an immortal life in Heav'n; I feel
 His *favour's* life, his *loving kindness* more,
Far more than life; 'tis *glory, bliss* and *Heaven*.

His messages of grace, what pleasing sounds,
 Of more than dulcet symphony at once,
 Delightful strike mine ear, enter my heart,
 With joy extatic fill my ravish'd breast!
 Ho ye, who thirst for vital streams of bliss!
 Drink freely at the fountain's purest streams,
 And quaff nectareous and immortal draughts;
 Whoever will, let come to this full fount,
 And drink to thirst no more! Eat, O my friends,
 The bread of life; who eat shall never die!
 My soul on wings of love seraphic flies,
 Makes haste under the shadow of life's tree
 To sit, with great delight; those delicacies
 To taste, as angels food to souls as sweet!
 Burns then my heart with ardour too intense,
Enthusiastic or delusion this?
 O more enthusiastic could I be;
 If 'tis delusion, welcome the deceit.
 But who too warm can be on such a theme?
 A theme on which the seraph's fire's too faint,
 To blaze with equal flame to love of God
 To man; much less can *man's* be in *extreme*:
Here in defect alone the danger lies.
 And why delusion? who can be deceived,
 Who feels a soul within? a soul which acts

Herself ; while conscious of her high descent,
 She longs and labours to embrace her *Sire* ;
 Embracing, in an ocean of delight,
 More than nectareous draughts of lasting joy,
 From purest streams, *immortal pleasure drinks*.

Enamour'd with my theme, on flaming wings
 Above th' Aonian or Parnassian mount
 I soar, as emulous to reach those sweet
 And everlasting lays which fill all Heav'n
 With melody beyond containment full,
 Bounds o'er her walls, and spreading far and wide,
 Echoes from star to star, from sphere to sphere ;
 The pure ethereal wafts the balmy sound
 Thro' infinites of space.——

Mounting, I meet the dulcet harmony,
 And my rapt soul with flames of love replumed,
 Maintains her pleasing flight more lofty still,
 And hopes (without despair) ere long to join
 Her notes with highest seraphs, in those realms
 Of everlasting symphony and joy.
 For souls were made to live with God above,
 And all which fly towards Heaven shall reach her heights,
 And sit on thrones in golden palaces,
 On Heaven's high mountains, in salvation's climes.
 Attracted by the sweetness of her lure,
 And guided by *sympathian* sense, I mount,
 Above the fear of erring from the road,
 Which leads from *this* to mansions in the skies.
 A soul engaged for Heaven ne'er miss'd her way,
 For light, and love, and everlasting arms,
 Protect, defend, and guide her on to bliss ;
 Bright shines Religion, and the path illumines ;
 That he who reads may run, who runs shall find,
 And none shall miss whose faith, and love, and hope,
 Urge them to virtuous deeds ; this gives the prize,
 O glorious prize ! obtain'd as soon as sought ;
 In part obtain'd, *sure* earnest of the whole ;

I see, I feel, I taste unspeakables !
 From Heaven *such* joy, to Heaven *again* it leads.
 Angels and men have mix'd their notes of praise,
 Preface of one grand chorus in the skies ;
 Angelic lyres, attuned to sweetest strains,
 Have reach'd the ravish'd ears of men on earth.
 Bethlean shepherds, tending flocks by night,
 When all was hush'd to peaceful calmness round,
 Save the soft notes play'd on their oaten pipes,
 Celestial music sweetly moved the air,
 Delightfully surprized, they list'ning stand,
 And hear an heav'nly choir, with sweetest notes,
 Unite their voice, and sing glory to God,
 In highest strains ; peace upon earth, good will
 To men ; for unto you this day is born
 A Saviour, who is Christ, salvation's King ;
 He rules by love, and who obey shall mount
 Upon salvation's wings to climes of bliss,
 Where mortals put on immortality,
 And join their voice, changed to celestial tongues,
 With highest seraphs round the throne of God.
 How charms this thought ! 'tis rapture to my soul !
 Hasten nature's wheels, O time, too slow thou mov'st !
 Replume thy wings, put on the lightning's speed,
 And bid the wish'd-for period quickly roll,
 When men with angels join their pleasing notes
 In symphony, around the splendid throne
 Of the Eternal, never more to cease.—

While thus enraptured, the fair Goddess smiled,
 Then thus from her sweet lips this speech address'd :
 For pleasure's self and source look round the world,
 In pop'lous cities and illustrious courts,
 Where vice shines brilliant, dissipation reigns,
 And gay licentious pleasure shews her charms,
 All-lovely, all-engaging, transports high
 In prospect, in fruition dwindle, disappear.
 From disappointments, in pursuits like these,
 Turn short ; into *thyself* descend, and seek

For pleasure *there*, and in thy God, thy life;
 The source and subject *these* of all delight;
 Fruition *here* increases joys, not kills;
 Object to appetite sweetly agrees;
 As when young zephyrs, with their od'rous wings,
 Shining with gold, loft tab'ring on their breasts,
 With gentle breeze, fanning the balmy air,
 Charm all the senses to a sweet repast;
 So, and much more, Religion charms the soul;
 When holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, comes down,
 With tab'ring wings moves gentle gales of love,
 And gives it such repast as angels eat,
 And still the more indulg'd the more it charms.

What pleasure then! the heart within sincere;
 To come and tread the courts of the Most High,
 Where Heaven's Eternal shews his smiling face,
 On days of rest design'd to cheer the soul,
 Feed her with joy, and make her fit for Heaven;
 The droppings of his sanctuary taste,
 The service of his house with joy perform,
 Hear the sweet messages of grace to man;
 How beautiful upon the mountains, then,
 The feet of those, whose balmy lips dispense
 Glad tidings of great joy to all mankind?

How sweet the intercourse, when pray'r ascends,
 Pure incense, and to God as odours sweet?
 How swells the heart, when joy bursts forth in songs,
 And hymns the wonders of redeeming love?
 Hosannas sounding high, make hearts to glow
 With purest flames of love, and wing the soul
 To soar on high, and taste angelic joys.
 Who, that have *tasted*, would exchange such bliss,
 Such sweet repasts, for all the joys of earth?
 No wonder then that Israel's King preferr'd
 The courts of God to *all* that shines below;
 "A day within thy courts thousands excels."
 Such pleasure with Religion *always* joins.
 Her worship this, what then her laws obey'd?

One pleasing act of virtue to the soul
 More joy affords, than all the pleasures vice
 Can boast. The secret seeds of constant, pure
 Delight, are sown in virtuous minds, by deeds
 Humane, kind, generous, just and good; their sweets
 Abound, increase with ev'ry act renew'd;
Reflection adds new pleasure to the whole.

Obedience to her laws gives present joys;
 The fruits of righteousness are always peace,
 In states, in empires, and in souls who tread
 Fair virtue's shining path, sure road to bliss.

But what is pleasurable vice? a joy
 That *foams* and *stings*; all but the *smart* and *pain*,
 Upon reflection, *vanishes away*.

Let *vice* and *virtue* now in contrast stand;
 Truth, justice, mercy, charity and peace,
 Wisdom and love, *Religion's shining train*;
 Oppose to falshood, fraud, revenge and strife,
 To folly, and *all vice's hateful band*.

Fair truth's a jewel that adorns the soul,
 And righteousness a robe of glory shines;
 Mercy with charms unborrow'd decks the mind,
 Honest sincerity a badge confers
 Of honour lasting as eternal day;
 And charity and peace, wisdom and love,
 Conspire to raise her glory to the height.
 A brand of infamy bare falshood stamps;
 Fraud of all ornaments divests the man;
 Deceit's a filthy covering of all filth;
 Revenge and strife, hatred and folly, join,
 With turpitude the mind t' infect and pain.
 Pleasures delectable, with blooming charms,
 Seek virtue's footsteps; fly the walks of vice.
 All sinful pleasures are but gilded pains,
 And dress'd in changeable soft silken robes,
 With dazzling glitter shine their tinsel charms;
 But stripp'd of them, and in their native shape,

Lank, black and meagre, dismal to behold!
With grisly horrors cloth'd, and dreary his.

See vice's court; what characters embrown
And fill her sable walls and futile seats;

Deep, dark designs, her *privy council* are;

And her nobility, all the black arts;

Her secretary, sophistry all gilt.

The furies claim affinity to vice,

And stand as maids, who *honour her the most*.

The moral evils, blacken'd corps, appear

About her court as ladies (if so call'd)

Her dressing-maid is Stheno, with her snakes,

And eye petrific, turning hearts to stone;

Disease, and pain, and death, as courtiers wait;

Want is her treasurer; her *court* the *bad*.

A vicious name no one would choose to have,

Tho' many practise deeds, *of choice*, which fix

On them a mark of infamy forever.

A cheat, a liar, thief, and *all the rest*,

Like not *that name*, which their base deeds procure:

Let av'rice frowning shew his frightful form,

Look grimly pleased in hugging hoarded wealth,

And bid the naked starving poor be gone;

Swells not thy bosom with indignant hate!

And swells not his with pangs still more severe!

A covetous hard heart he'll *yet disown*.

Let charity with open hands, fair face,

And dimpled smiles, appear; how charming she!

Joy springs in *others* bosoms *at the sight*;

The *wretched* feel a transport *inconceived*;

In *her* fair breast joys rise *beyond compare*.

Let gay licentious *vice*, in *all* her pomp

Of luxury and ease, and *sad* debauch,

With hasty *speed* run fast from joy to joy,

Call all the pleasures of the world her own;

Still *restless*, and from repetition *cloy'd*:

Say, are *such* pleasures *fit to feed the mind*?

Give *lasting* joys to that which *never fades*?

Now on *Religion* look :—ask you (with smiles
 That speak your scorn) what joys from her ? ask then
 What is't to be religious ? 'tis to *feel*
 As *angels feel*, when they surround the throne
 Of the *Eternal*, radiant circles form,
 Enrapt with love, raise high their joyful notes,
 And strike their golden lyres, attuned to praise,
 And in Jehovah's glad'ning smiles rejoice.
 It is to *feel* as God himself *then feels*,
 When his perfections glorious he views ;
 And with complacence infinite doth rest.

The soul in pleasing solemn acts of praise
 Joins *then* with angels, tho' in lower strains ;
 Holds sweet communion with the Lord of Heaven ;
 The glorious perfections of her God
 According to her measure views, is pleased,
 Rests with delight, rejoices in the Lord :
 Thus tastes the happiness of *God himself*.
This is Religion ; this is sweet indeed !

The good and bad, both those who hate and those
 Who love her form, alike in *this* agree,
Religion is the element of Heaven.
 'Tis love that breaths her sweets, and praise perfumes
 The air, and sends up odours to the throne :
 Who *bate* Religion, *then*, Heaven *must bate* ;
 For 'tis Religion gives *all joy in blifs*.
 What happiness to those, were they in Heaven,
 To whom Religion's the *most bated thing* ?
 Heaven's light refulgent their dark minds would pain,
 And burn their guilty souls like quenchless fire.
 What torment *then* where sabbath is eternal,
 To those who can't endure *one day* in seven ?
 What happiness to those, whose souls breath forth
 Their earnest longings in such sighs as these ?
 " How amiable thy tabernacles are,
 " O Lord of Hosts ! how longs my thirsty soul,
 " Yea faints, to see thy beauty glorious bright,
 " As in thy sanctuary I have seen !"

Say, ye who know, with princes who have sat,
 In pompous elegance and splendid hues,
 Or prince-like boards with lordly viands crown'd,
 And glasses sparkling with the richest wines;
 Have seen the pleasure, felt the mirth of courts,
 And with the lordly dignify'd on earth
 Have feasted and rejoiced under their smiles:
 Did *this* august parade, *this* sumptuous feast,
 With *half* the joy dilate your raptured hearts,
 As *when* around your heavenly Father's board,
 With those whom grace adorn'd with shining robes,
 Whose graces beautify'd their souls, you sat?
 The table richly crown'd with living bread,
 And with the wine of life; where *he* presides,
 Who gives his flesh as food for dying souls,
 His blood for drink; all glorious in' apparel;
 And on his vesture and his thigh a name
 Hath written, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*:
 With smiles of love have heard his gracious words,
 "Eat, O my friends, the bread of life; and drink,
 "Yea drink abundantly, O my beloved:"
 By faith have feasted on *this* Lamb of God,
 And drank his blood, and felt your souls refresh'd,
 From heav'nly dainties, *more* than angels eat!
 Have tasted of *that* love of God to man,
 Which gave his Son to death, that you might live,
 And reign with him in Heaven's eternal realms:
 With hearts elate, and heavenly hopes on wing,
 Have soar'd on high, and *thought* yourselves in Heaven.

Here paused the Goddess.—Then, with heav'nly smiles,
 No more, said she, I take my upward flight:

* The good are my companions through all worlds;

* The good, &c. Many persons urge the diversity of opinions among Christians, as an objection to Christianity itself; and alledge the many different sects of worshippers, and modes of worship, as an argument against Religion; as though every sect and mode implied a different religion: and because there is in reality but *one*, they pretend it is impossible to find the right with any certainty, among such a multitude. This objection vanishes, by considering Religion not as consisting

Now my abode is in their hearts forever;
 Empress of *living temples* now I reign;
 My court illustrious personages form;
Highb mysteries my privy-council are;
 And my nobility the lib'ral arts;
 My maids of honour, brilliant graces wait;
 The moral virtues' shining train compose
 The ladies of my court; my *waiting maid*
 Is peace within, *all fair*, with smiles attends;
 True joy and *pleasure* as my courtiers stand;
 Plenty my treasurer is; my *court*, the good;

O Goddess fair! as kind as fair, I said,
 From splendours infinite who deign'st to come
 And take thy dwelling with the sons of men;
 Hast oped Heaven's pearly portals, shew'd the way
 That leads to dazzling glory's splendid realms;
 Religion! the most charming of all charms;
 Among ten thousand beauties shines *most fair*;
 The sweetest of all sweets, and of all goods;
 To man the *best*: thy presence makes him blest;
 Thy smiles diffuse a gladd'ning joy, enrap
 With raptures his enraptured heart, when joy
 Beats high, and swells his breast with pure delight,
 Not with such sweets Arabia's spicy groves
 Perfume the neighb'ring air, when wafted on
 Soft zephyrs' wings her whole collected sweets
 Breathe in one gale, as when thou, Religion,
 With thy heav'nly gales, breath'st on the soul

in particular *modes and forms*, though useful appendages; but a principle of love and goodness in the soul. Herein all true worshippers agree, of whatever sect or party, how much soever they may differ as to *creeds and forms*. And those are Christians indeed, and truly religious, who have such a love to God, as influences them to practise universal godliness and honesty, of whatever denomination. Religion is no party thing, any further than she always dwells with the good. A bad man of any profession should not be accounted religious; nor ought Religion to be blamed, because there are hypocritical professors among every sect; for they belong to her foes.

With thy *still softer* airs, which fan the sparks
Of love into a flame; whence odours rise,
Whose sweets not only earth but Heaven perfume,
And Heaven's Eternal thy pure sweets inhales.

O thou! fair, beautiful, charming and good!
The soul and breath of all felicity!
Beatifying all in Heaven and earth!
So delicately graceful, and so kind,
* That those who *bate*, can't but thy charms admire.

Religion! fairest progeny of Heaven!
To trace thy beauteous features, and display
Thy shining glories, have I now essay'd;
Selected from creation's ample field,
To emulate thy beauty, roseate hues:
But all, and more than all, that bloom on earth,
Or brightest minds enrapt could e'er conceive,
Or fancy with her brilliant figures form,
Fall short to paint the beauties of this Fair.
O for a pencil dipt in heav'nly dyes!
A seraph's hand's *still wanting* to depict
The perfect beauties of this heav'nly Queen!
Here then my song shall cease, until anew
I tune my lyre to more exalted strains,
On spicy mountains in Jehovah's realms,
And raise far higher notes, from purer flames
Of love; in concert with the glorious throng
I *seem'd* to hear, which set my soul on fire,
In soliloquy to vent all her joy.

How cease, till one kind office is perform'd,
Which inclination prompts, and one request
Is made! the patrons of my first essays,
Deign ye to stand, and listen to my song;
For whom I've ventured forth to stand the rage
Of *folly's* num'rous race, Religion's foes.

* That those who hate, &c. The warmest opposers of Religion will yet allow, that it is a good and valuable institution. What superior sense do they shew, while endeavouring to destroy its influence by words and actions, they can't but acknowledge it answers many valuable purposes to society, and is necessary to its welfare?

Receive with kindness what I proffer you,
 And more than gold, or pearls, or precious stones,
 Than rubies, gems, or diamonds glitt'ring bright,
 Tho' charming in your eyes, *far more* I give:
 Gay youth ! to you this song is sent ; design'd
 To teach you to be young and gay forever ;
 How you may flourish in immortal green,
 Grow young with age, to ripen for the skies,
 Where all is youth and vigour, health and joy,
 Perennial, without end, knows no decay.
 " Remember thy Creator," is a wise
 Command ; 'twill fortify your tender minds,
 And help to conquer those *vile* youthful lusts,
 Which wage perpetual war against the soul,
 And slay the conquer'd ; your ruin will prevent,
 And help to walk in safety's peaceful paths.
 A G O D forgotten, ruin is begun ;
 A G O D forsaken, is destruction near ;
 A G O D despised, is misery complete ;
 A G O D remember'd, turns the soul to Heav'n,
 Prevents from rushing on destruction's point ;
 A G O D adored, is happiness begun ;
 A G O D embraced, is happiness complete.
 Embracing and embraced by love divine,
 Ineffable the joy, most pure the bliss :
 Think highly of the G O D who reigns on *high*.
 Who know him *most*, think *highest*, love him *best*,
 And with the deepest homage bow, adore ;
 The highest seraph lowest falls, when he
 The highest notes makes to ascend in Heaven :
 High thoughts of the Most High *your* hearts possess,
 Think wisdom infinite can never err :
 Fair truth and mercy, righteousness and peace,
 Meet and embrace with sweet complacency ;
 And goodness, clemency, pow'r, love and grace,
 With wisdom, justice, holiness and truth,
 A character presents most worthy love,
 Of honour, adoration, endless praise ;
 Withhold not praise from him *all* Heaven adores.

In youth remember death; insidious death
 May blast your beauty, and your schemes destroy;
 Your sun ere noon may sit in darkest shades;
 If not, yet evil days approach, and years
 Wherein no earthly pleasure can be found.
 When in earth's comforts greatly ye rejoice,
 Think not the pleasures she bestows the best;
 Replete with living bread your living souls.
 Ye who are bound for an eternal scene,
 Believe, look forward tow'rd the climes of bliss;
 Make all your aim at Heaven; on wings of faith,
 And hope, and love, mount high above the stars;—
 Faith in things future's present happiness,
 And happiness is reason's utmost bound.
 Wake then to reason, and believe your G O D.
 Religion love, embrace her as your friend,
 Follow where she calls, she'll lead you to your home;
 In paths of righteousness she leads to peace.
 Your G O D adore, love, worship and obey;
 In paths of virtue seek perpetual joy,
 Eternal sunshine, and immortal bloom;
 And leave to folly's children *all beside*,
 The glitt'ring toys and tinsel joys of earth.

The CHOICE.

WOULD Heaven's high Sov'reign condescend
To crown my wish, and let me spend
The days on earth he's pleased to give,
In that fair place I'd choose to live,
Where upon a rising ground,
A little distance from the town,
Far beyond the noisy rout
Of carts and waggons driv'n about,
Or the more confounded din
Of men contending for a pin;
Where Aurora spreads her light
First in the morn, and last at night;
Where sweet zephyrs' breath is pure,
Which all diseases helps to cure,
Fresh at ev'ry hour should come,
Wafting spices, myrrh and gum;
And at eve more fragrant grows,
Like the sweet-brier and the rose.
A placid stream with gentle tide,
Meand'ring thro' a mead, should glide,
Enamel'd o'er with every hue
Which on the earth yet ever grew,
And lofty pine and oak in rows,
And the elm with careless boughs,
On each side should raise their head,
Shading fishes in their bed.
To the east this stream should run,
As emulous to meet the sun,
Whose beams, reflected from that glass,
Make double morn my life compass;

While pleasure-boats, with filken sails,
And streamers gay, delight the vales.

Men of all professions there
Should issue forth to take the air;
Two or three in ev'ry line
Should be invited to my wine;
Such whose tempers were serene,
And had with books familiar been.

A garden interspersed with trees,
Waving to the gentle breeze,
Laden with all kinds of fruit
Which the climate ere could suit;
Peaches, apples, plumbs and cherries,
Pears and apricots, with berries
Creeping latent through the grass,
All other pleasure should surpass,
Surprizing oft the eye with joy,
And to the grateful touch not coy.
A purling rill, with winding course,
Now gentle, and then sounding hoarse,
Thro' arbours and by pleasant walks,
Where flowers should grow on all their stalks,
The pink, and rose, and daffodil,
Lady's delight, which crowns the hill,
Narcissus fair, with tulip gay,
Which finely dress themselves in May,
With all the summer's shining train,
Which breathe more fragrant for the rain,
And afford a sweet repast
For busy bees which love their taste;
There humming-birds, with plumage gay,
Shining bright as flow'rs in May,
Around my head should sprightly play;
On nimble wings they seem to dance,
Suspended *still* without advance,
And then away as swift as light,
So sudden that they 'scape the sight;
Their plumes of scarlet, gold and green,
A lively hue as e'er was seen;

These o'er my flow'rs should rove at pleasure,
 Partake the joy, not spoil the treasure;
 But with their little tube-like bill
 From op'ning blossoms drink their fill;
 And on farina fine they feed,
 Which fully satisfies their need.

Frequent here would I resort,
 To enjoy the blissful sport,
 And to view with pleasing eye
 All that blooms beneath the sky;
 See where the primrose dips her bill
 Among the dew-drops on the hill,
 And where the lily hangs her head
 O'er the violet's purple bed;
 All bestrew'd with green and gold,
 Where pretty birds sweet dalliance hold.
 There the lark his mate invites
 To pass with him the summer nights,
 And early in the morn awake,
 Together the first dawn partake,
 And on their silver pinions rise,
 And sing their mattins to the skies;
 With sweetest notes they fill the air,
 And call forth shepherds to their care.
 I'd hear the bleating flocks of sheep,
 When the dawn begins to peep,
 And from my couch would rise alert,
 To join and share the sweet concert;
 Hear the dulleet harmony
 Warble sweet from ev'ry tree,
 From the meads and from the vales,
 On the hills and in the dales;
 Various notes of flocks and herds,
 Mingling with the singing birds,
 Should echo fast from hill to hill,
 Till ev'ry part of air they fill.

I'd have a little grove fast by,
 There to repair in milder sky:

My morn. and ev'ning walk should be,
 To view the birds perch'd on the tree;
 Their shining glossy plumes would fill
 My ravish'd eye with pleasure still.

There the linnæ, thrush and quail,
 There the mockbird, female and male,
 There the sparrow, with robin-hood,
 And ev'ry bird that loves the wood,
 Should live at ease, secure from fear,
 No cruel fowler should come near;
 The whip-poor-will should cheer the night
 With her sweet notes, which sleep invite,
 About my farm tame fowls should rove,
 Geese and turkeys, ducks and dove,
 Nor would I want the Guinea hen,
 Which imitates the chatt'ring wren;
 And the proud cock, who struts and crows
 Defiance to his neighb'ring foes.
 Martins and swallows, chatt'ring sweet,
 In friendship round my house should meet;
 The peacock, with majestic mien,
 And richest plumes, should oft be seen,
 Spreading his waving glories high,
 With dazzling lustre charm the eye.

Nor would I want those joys refined,
 With holy wedlock which are join'd;
 For Hymen's mystic knot unites
 Sublimest joys and sweet delights.

With one fair in love I'd join,
 Whose pleasing words should cheer like wine;
 Whose soul to mine so near was grown,
 No striking difference could be known,
 But blended in sweet bands of love,
 In concert both should always move,
 And dimpled smiles, with mutual glances,
 Should joys reciprocal advance.

To crown the whole, and give a relish
 To all the pleasures life embellish,

On holy days I would not lose
 The pleasure which from worship flows ;
 And near my house should be the seat
 Where those who love to praise should meet,
 To tread the courts of God most high,
 And hear his message from the sky,
 From one who knows how to dispense
 The joyful truths sent down from thence,
 And join with those whose souls were graced
 With love, and truth, and righteousness ;
 To pray and praise, adore, and sing
 Loud anthems to th' eternal King ;
 With joy my heart should more dilate,
 Than all the favours of the great.
 But give me such a pleasing spot,
 And I'll not envy kings their court.

F I N I S.

And I'll not envy kings their court,
But give me such a pleasing spot,
Than all the favours of the great.
With joy I should more dilate,
Loud anthems to my eternal King;
To pray and praise, adore, and sing;
With love, and truth, and righteousness;
And join with those whose souls were grieved
The joyful truths sent down from thence;
From one who knows how to dispense
And hear his message from the sky,
To tread the courts of God most high,
Where those who love to wait should meet,
And near my house should be the seat,
The pleasure which from worship flows;
On holy days I would not lose.